

The Teaching of Authority respecting Popular Bible-Reading.

IT is of no small importance in matters of faith and morals to distinguish between the Authority of the Church in prescribing what is to be believed and the Authority of the Church in prescribing what is to be done. In the former case she lays down dogmas to which an intellectual assent must be given ; in the latter she lays down rules of action which have to be followed in practice by her faithful children. In the former case she defines ; in the latter she directs. He who refuses to accept her dogmas is a heretic, outside the Church, an alien to the family of God ; he who refuses to obey her laws is a disobedient son, who only ceases to belong to the Church if he is actually cut off from communion with her. In one case the sin is a sin against faith, in the other against obedience. If a man refuses to accept the dogma of our Lady's Immaculate Conception, he thereby ceases to be a Catholic ; if he deliberately refuses to withdraw from circulation a book which has been formally condemned, he still remains a Catholic, but a rebellious, disobedient Catholic. To deny the Church's right to define is to disown altogether the Immaculate Spouse of Christ ; to refuse obedience to her command in some particular instance is a serious sin, but not necessarily a sin against faith. If any one were to assert that the celibacy of the clergy was an unwise enactment, he would be temerarious ; if he were (being himself a clergyman) to act on his opinion, he would incur censures and commit a terrible sacrilege, but he would not in any sense cease to be a Catholic. For the celibacy of the clergy is not a matter of faith, but of ecclesiastical discipline ; it is a matter of injunction, not definition. The Church has power to abolish the regulation, if it seemed good to her. But in matters of dogma she cannot change one iota of the faith once delivered to the

saints, or reverse a doctrine once defined by the Infallible voice of the Supreme Pontiff. This distinction between doctrines taught and practices enjoined seems simple enough, but it is often overlooked even by Catholics, and it is therefore necessary to insist upon it. A doctrine, if taught at all, is always taught definitely; it is the same at all times and in all places; a practice can be modified at will by the imposing authority; it may be enjoined in one place and forbidden in another, or permitted here and prohibited there; it may be encouraged at one period and under one set of circumstances, discouraged under another. Hence there is often no little difficulty in arriving at the "mind" of the Church on practical matters. She seems at first sight to contradict herself, and to be at variance with her own teaching, and it is only on examining into the question that we discern the principles on which her apparently contradictory action is really based.

This is verified in many practical matters, but in none more than in the question of the general reading of the Bible. Alike in the pages of Holy Scripture itself and in the teaching of Popes, Councils, and Congregations, there seems at first a curious inconsistency. Among loyal Catholics some advise the widespread distribution of Bibles in the vernacular as most consonant with the teaching of the Church, others denounce it as a dangerous practice redolent of the heretical spirit. Amid the warmth of the controversy it is not easy for the disputants to be perfectly dispassionate, or to appreciate the meaning of the action of Pope or Bishop where it is in opposition to some pet theory of their own. They love the Holy Scriptures with an intense affection, and have fed upon them as the daily bread of their souls, nay, as the spiritual manna in which they have found all sweetness, and judging from their own experience, they cannot comprehend why one Pope after another has thrown obstacles in the way of the circulation of Bibles, or has shown what seems to them an unaccountable indifference in the matter. Or, on the other hand, they have witnessed the sad spectacle of the Bible dragged through the mud by modern heretics, distorted and perverted to establish false and pernicious doctrines, read as a mechanical task by those who think that familiarity with the words is far more important than a right understanding of the meaning, and in their disgust they have desired to see still more stringent restrictions hedge in the sanctity of the Word of God, lest Catholics learn to imitate the lamentable

irreverence which follows from the Protestant theories respecting the Holy Bible.

We shall have to adopt the *via media* between these extreme theories. The examination of the Church's teaching leads to the conclusion that the Bible, like every other book, must be read *sub moderamine inculpate tutelæ*—under the guidance of some safeguard which will prevent harm being done. Its very sacred character makes it more necessary that it should be thus protected against perversion. The general drift of the instructions that we gather from Scripture itself, from the Fathers and Councils, from Popes and Roman Congregations is one which seems very simple and obvious. It is that Catholics should be encouraged to use the Bible far more than they do, but that they should be warned against the abuse of it. This principle solves all difficulties in the matter, since, as we shall presently see, we find Authority urging a more diligent perusal of Holy Scripture, where it is in disuse, and where Catholics generally are ignorant of its contents and neglect to draw from it the sacred lessons that it teaches. But we find restrictions and prohibitions where the spirit of rebellion is abroad, and where there is a danger lest those who seek for an excuse for revolt, draw out of the sacred fountains the false doctrine of which it is the occasion, but not the source; as it is to so many of those outside the Church, who take bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter, evil for good, or good for evil.

Or, again, we may observe that the circulation of the Scriptures is encouraged in a purely Catholic country where the danger is lest a surface profession of faith take the place of a vital religion of the heart, affecting the whole life; while it is regarded with suspicion and distrust in a land where there are sprinkled among the faithful masses agents of Satan well provided with money, and unscrupulous in their use of it, who make the distribution of the Word of God a mere excuse for seeking to entice away the unwary and the weak, and entrap the innocent children into their nests of heresy. To carry copies of the Bible or the New Testament in the vernacular to the more educated among the Spaniards of South America may be the work of an Apostle, blessed by God and by the Vicar of Jesus Christ,—to carry them to the cottages of Ireland may be at the same time an insult to the children of the Church and a sure mark that he who carries them is the hireling of an alien Protestantism, the insidious and dishonest subverter of the very Faith that they teach

We will begin by consulting the authority of Holy Scripture itself. In its sacred pages what do we find respecting the advantage, or disadvantage, of its general use? We can but glance at one or two of the more important passages, leaving it to our readers to investigate at their leisure the further meaning of these and other words on the subject that are found in its pages.

The most familiar and oft-quoted of such passages is St. John v. 39, where our Lord addressing the Jews uses these words: "Search the Scriptures, for you think in them to have life everlasting; and the same are they that give testimony of Me." It is unnecessary to remind the scholar that the word "search" (*ἐρευνᾶτε, scrutamini*) may be either in the imperative or indicative mood; and therefore the passage cannot be certainly urged as a command or counsel. Curiously enough, the view taken by the best modern Protestant authorities¹ is that it is in the indicative; whereas the Fathers (with the exception of St. Cyril) and most Catholic writers regard the word as imperative. It is most probable, if not certain, that this is the true meaning. Our Lord's words are addressed to the unbelieving Jews. They were a reproof rather than a command. "Go to your own Scriptures," He says, "for in them you believe that eternal life is to be found. Examine them and you will find that they bear witness to the truth of My mission." Here Maldonatus notices that our Lord does not say *read* the Scriptures, but *search* them, *examine* them, and pertinently remarks that our Lord's words are as applicable to modern heretics as they were to the Jews. "Heretics like the Jews read the Scriptures but do not search into them, do not penetrate below the surface or understand their true meaning. Heretics like the Jews make their boast in the Bible, read it often, learn it by heart, sing it in their temples, but search into it they cannot, for they have not the key of the Holy Spirit by which alone they can enter into its true sense. To them it is a sealed book."²

On this passage we observe, and the same is applicable to several others (especially to Acts xvii. 11), that here it is not a

¹ "Ερευνᾶτε is not the imperative but the indicative." (Bloomfield, in l.). "On the whole the rendering (of *ἐπ.* as indicative) is more probable." (*Speaker's Comm.* in l.). "That *ἐπ.* is indicative is clear from the context." (Meyer, in l. c., who cites Erasmus, Beza, Bengel, Casaubon, and many other moderns). Alford and Ellicott take the same view.

² Maldonatus, Comm. on St. John v. 39.

question of Christians reading the Holy Scriptures (for whatever object it may be) but of those outside the Church, who have presented to them a doctrine professing to be from God and appealing to the Scriptures in proof of its veracity. A teacher comes and asserts that he comes from God. He carries with him certain credentials of his mission, as for instance the purity of his doctrine, the gift of miracles, a certain power to touch the heart which draws all men to him. Such a teacher, whether our Lord or one of His Apostles, inviting the Jews of Palestine or Berea to examine into their sacred writings respecting His Divine mission, is an exact parallel to the action of the Church and of its authorized ministers, when it asks of Protestants to examine their own Bibles since there they will find clearly writ the proof of her teaching authority. Canon Oakeley's admirable little book on *The Church of the Bible* is just such an appeal to Protestants as was made by our Lord and by His Apostles to the Jews. But this has nothing in common with the recommendation of Holy Scripture to those who are already in possession of the truth, whether it be for purposes of devotion, or criticism, or historical information. To quote either one text or the other is entirely beside the point, except for those who are confessedly searchers after truth, inquirers who are seeking after the religion which has a right to claim their adherence, but are fully convinced that they have not yet found it.

There is an exhortation respecting the study of Holy Scripture in one of St. Paul's Epistles which is far more to the point—especially as it is accompanied by an approving mention on the part of the Apostle of the careful training in Holy Scripture which good Jewish mothers provided for their children—St. Paul, encouraging Timothy to persevere in Catholic doctrine, gives the motives for continuing in those things that he has learned. One of these motives is that "From thy infancy thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which can instruct thee to salvation, through the faith which is in Christ Jesus." The Apostle continues, "All Scripture, inspired of God, is profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice, that the man of God may be perfect, furnished to every good work."¹

We cannot attempt a full exposition of this passage, and will only notice what bears on our subject. St. Paul speaks of St. Timothy's knowledge of Holy Scripture from his infancy

¹ 2 Tim. iii. 15—17.

as a privilege and a responsibility. No one can doubt that his intention was to praise the care with which SS. Eunice and Lois, the mother and grandmother of St. Timothy, had instructed the child in the sacred writings. What good man would not praise the Catholic mother, who should teach her little children to learn by heart the golden precepts, warnings, promises, counsels, of which God Himself is the Author, and who should tell them the Bible stories which have not only a charm that no other stories possess, but a power to move the will that we can only account for by the fact that it is God Himself who has written them down in the sacred page? But this does not mean that the Bible is to be put into their infant hands. Most of us are familiar with a pair of engravings from pictures by Sant, of Samuel and Timothy. Samuel is well enough, a bright, simple, fair-haired child, starting up in his little couch at the sound of the Divine call. But the companion picture is not at all so attractive. A dark, hollow-eyed, sallow-looking boy, with long straight black hair, and a most unboyish face, is sitting up in bed with a scroll of parchment in his hand, supposed to represent a copy of the Old Testament, or some portion of it, put into his hands by his mother Eunice. Here you have the Protestant ideal—ideal, indeed, for I need not say no such reality ever existed, and it would be a calumny on St. Eunice to suppose that this was the method by which her little son came to know from his infancy the Holy Scripture. No, it was from the prayers she taught him, borrowed from the Psalms and Prophets; from the predictions of the Messias, of which she explained the fulfilment in the Life and Passion and Death of Jesus Christ; from the sacred hymns and canticles he learned from her to sing; from the histories of Abraham, and Josue, and Moses, and David, Tobias, and the saintly Machabees, which she so often repeated to him—it was from these and not from an unassisted reading of the text of Scripture, that the infant Timothy became so early a proficient in Holy Scripture, instructed to salvation through that faith in Christ Jesus which prepared him to be first Bishop of the see of Ephesus. And here we must notice that in the verses which follow, in which St. Paul describes the varied virtues of Holy Scripture, the functions which he assigns to it are one and all such as qualify a bishop or priest for his ministerial office, and in the verse that follows, *the man of God*, who is to be made perfect thereby, is not a synonym for a holy man, but

is the scriptural term for one who receives from God a Divine commission to teach, and bears the sacred office of priest or prophet.¹

Nothing is more evident in the pages of the New Testament than that the ancient Scriptures were regarded by apostles and by saints as a sealed book to all who were not instructed by those having authority to do so, unless indeed they were specially illumined by a light from Heaven to that end. The eunuch of Ethiopia,² with a modesty very different from the self-sufficient assumption of the modern Protestant, seemed to think that the understanding of Holy Scripture was impossible without a guide. St. Peter, in describing the Word of God as a light shining in a dark place,³ guards himself against being misunderstood by adding that in availing ourselves of this light we must first bear in mind that no prophecy of Scripture is to be interpreted by the private judgment of the individual. A little later he warns the faithful that the Scriptures in general, and in particular the letters of St. Paul are liable to be distorted by the inconsistency and ignorance of many who read them, and that what was intended by Almighty God as the means of their salvation, thus turns to their destruction. We shall see presently how exactly these two warnings fall in with the precautions taken in latter times to prevent indiscriminate use of Holy Scripture by those who are quite incompetent to understand it, and with the warnings against a misuse of the Sacred Books.

It is altogether beyond the scope of the present article to attempt any collection of the passages in the Fathers respecting the reading of Holy Scripture. "Let us give our time to the Scriptures," says St. John Chrysostom; "let us handle them often. I entreat you, dearly beloved, to find time for reading them, to drink in their meaning, to write them upon your hearts."⁴ "Be constant in prayer and in reading," says St. Cyprian; "now speak with God, now let God speak with you."⁵ "The man who fears God," says St. Augustine,⁶ "diligently seeks for His will in the pages of Holy Scripture." St. Jerome, writing to St. Paula, recommends Scripture as a remedy for every ill, and a refuge in every need. And so on in countless other passages. At the same time we find

¹ Cf. 1 Tim. vi. 11; 4 Kings i. 9, seqq.; iv. 7; v. 8.

² Acts viii. 31.

³ 2 St. Peter i. 19, 20.

⁴ *Hom.* 52.

⁵ *Ep.* 2 ad Dom.

⁶ *De Doct. Christ.* iii. 1.

St. Chrysostom warning the faithful against the misuse of the Word of God by heretics, who read the Scripture without penetrating its meaning, because they do not read it aright. We find the Fathers generally teaching that the words of Holy Scripture, proceeding from the mouth of God, nevertheless become human words (although remaining materially the same) if any one reads his own preconceived meaning into Scripture, and does not make the meaning of Scripture his own. They require that he who reads them should be on the look out for the Catholic interpretation of them, and should be provided with the traditional rule of faith as handed down by the Church, to which the meaning of Scripture is to be conformed. So speak St. Athanasius, St. Augustine, St. Hilary, St. Jerome, St. Vincent of Lerins.¹ But for the children of the Church the prevalent danger was neglect of Holy Scripture, not the misuse of it. They needed to be encouraged to more frequent perusal of it, rather than to be warned against interpreting it according to their own fancies, to have their appetite for the milk of the word stimulated, not to be put on their guard against the danger of drawing poison through their own perversity out of the sacred fountains. Hence the general drift of the patristic teaching on the subject is an earnest exhortation to more frequent meditation on Holy Scripture.

In these early times we find no special legislation respecting the reading of Holy Scripture. First of all its Canon had to be fixed, and when this was done, there was no need for the Church to issue any authoritative regulations respecting it. The work that had to be done was to spread it everywhere, to multiply copies of the Vulgate, to foster the knowledge of it, especially among the clergy. As long as the work of conversion was going on in various countries of Europe there was no call for a general distribution of the Bible. The essential work of the Church could be done without familiarity with the text on the part of the laity, and for the first ten centuries of Christianity, the clergy were the only class who habitually perused the pages of the Bible. For them it was imperative by reason of their daily Office. No day passed without their being bound to read a portion of Holy Scripture. Moreover, in monasteries and convents, an addition to that was contained in the Office, it was the custom, as it is still, to read a chapter, or some portion of a chapter, in the refectory at meal time. Copies

¹ Cf. Franzelin, *De Trad. et Scr.* Thes. xviii. Cor. ii.

of it were, meantime, being multiplied by the pious labour of transcribers, and from the scriptorium of many a Benedictine convent in the middle ages issued Bibles and Testaments without number, which the sacrilegious hands of Protestants have since destroyed. Of general Bible-reading there was no question, for the very good reason that of the laity few could read. It was only one here and one there who devoted each day some time to drinking from its sacred pages the waters of life, like St. Paula in the time of St. Jerome, or St. Louis of France in later days. What ordinary men and women knew of the Bible came to them from the sermons and instructions in the church, and from portions which they had committed to memory in their childhood. Many a good Catholic lived and died, attained to a high degree of sanctity, without any knowledge of more than detached portions of Holy Scripture. From the lessons of their early days, from the discourses to which they had listened, from the Offices of the Church, men picked up moreover a certain acquaintance with the chief characters of the Bible and their history. But for most it was little more than the knowledge possessed by an ordinary Englishman of the characters of Shakespeare or the chief personages who assembled round the Round Table of King Arthur. Yet bishops and clergy, the doctors and theologians of early times were, it is needless to say, great Bible-readers—Bible-readers too to some profit, with the light of the Catholic instinct guiding them to understand aright, and the traditional explanation that was handed down by writing and by word of mouth aiding them in doubt or in difficulty. In fact, if one thing be remarkable beyond another, in early and mediæval sermons, it is the profusion of quotations from Scripture, of which they may be said to consist.

So matters drifted on until the new spirit dawned on Europe which will be consummated in the coming of Antichrist. In the twelfth century, there arose a set of heretics in Southern Europe who revolted against all authority and were the forerunners of the Reformation. The Waldenses, whom Protestantism dignifies with the title of the Israel of the Alps, professed to base their blasphemies on Scripture. In 1229 a Council was held at Toulouse, on the occasion of the submission of Count Raymond, to take measures for the suppression of the heresy, and to prevent its further spread. Among its other enactments, this Council forbade the possession by laymen of the sacred books,

especially in the vernacular.¹ This was the first authoritative restriction on Bible-reading, rendered necessary by the proceedings of the heretics, who, to quote the words of the Papal Commissary Rayner, in his list of the errors of the Waldenses, "with the fair words of holy men gain for what they teach the credit of sound doctrines and encourage their adherents to get by heart the words of the Gospel and the sayings of the Apostles and saints in the vernacular, that so they may entice the faithful and put a good face upon their sect."²

But the evil was a comparatively limited one, until the invention of printing made the distribution of translations of the Bible among the laity an easy task. As long as every copy had to be made by hand, copies were necessarily few, and popular Bible-reading was practically impossible. But printed Bibles proved a serviceable weapon in the hands of the followers of Wycliffe. The charge of impeding the free circulation of the Word of God, because it was opposed to the pretensions of the monks and friars and to the general teaching of the Church, was such an invidious one that it soon became popular with all kinds of heretics.

As early as the beginning of the fifteenth century the Lollards in England began to make the cry of an "open Bible for all," their watchword of rebellion against the Church. The open Bible meant the incorrect and mischievous translation by Wycliffe, in which text and notes alike were made the instruments of an attack on all lawful authority. It was this perversion of Holy Scripture which rendered the prohibition of unauthorized translations of Holy Scripture absolutely necessary. Thus, at a council held in Oxford in 1406, under Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, the Seventh Constitution, after noticing the difficulties and dangers of translating the Word of God, ordained that "no one should, on his own authority, translate into English any portion of Holy Scripture by way of book, or pamphlet, or treatise; nor should any such book, pamphlet, or treatise, lately composed in the time of John Wycliffe, or since, or which shall hereafter be composed, be read in whole or in part, publicly or in private, under pain

¹ "Prohibemus etiam ne libros veteris testamenti aut novi laici permittantur habere; nisi forte psalterium vel breviarium pro divinis officiis, aut horas beate Mariæ, aliquis ex devotione habere velit. Sed ne præmissos libros habeant in vulgari translato strictissime inhibemus."

² *Catalogus Errorum Waldensium*, quoted by Ussher, *De Script. et S. Vernaculis* p. 153.

of the greater excommunication, until such translation be approved by the Diocesan or by a Provincial Council."

From this period onward the evil spread. In the beginning of the sixteenth century we find the Bishops of England attempting by prohibitory measures to check the spread of heretical versions. There are recorded from 1500 to 1520 the names of a large number of persons against whom information was laid of having in their possession various portions of the Bible of Wycliffe. But it was too late for any such measures to be effective.

When England as a kingdom raised the standard of revolt, the evil that had long smouldered broke out to its full extent. The Reformers paraded the Bible as the standard of their revolt from the authority of Rome. To all the enemies of the Church the Bible was a most convenient and successful weapon. Queen Elizabeth had a large Bible carried before her, on the occasion of her Coronation, through the streets of London. The new preachers insisted on disputing from Bible-texts interpreted at their own discretion, and by a judicious selection of what seemed to suit their purpose they were able to make a plausible show of reason. At all events they had a continuous succession of texts to fling at the Catholic disputant. They dragged the Bible through the mud of their own new fangled doctrines, and degraded its sacred pages into a repertory of quotations, which they separated from their context and explained in their own sense, and so were able to quote Scripture to their purpose with great success.

It was not Anglicans alone who cited text after text to show that they were right. Calvinists, Presbyterians, Anabaptists, and all the forms of heresy that manifested themselves in rich profusion, found the pages of Holy Scripture most convenient for their purpose. No book is more open to misquotation. The Puritan drew from the Old Testament denunciations of the sins of the Jews, which he directed against the Cavaliers. Presbyterians found a variety of texts fatal to Episcopacy. Anglicans and Presbyterians, and Puritans alike had, and indeed still have, a judicious selection of most uncomplimentary texts and allusions, which they applied and still apply to the Catholic Church with the utmost audacity. This cruel misuse of the word of God has caused in many Catholics a sort of horror of Bible-reading. In their minds it came to be associated with heresy. They shrank instinctively from the loud-voiced,

harsh-tongued, unscrupulous disputant, who opened his Bible and belaboured them with a string of texts which they were called upon to reconcile with the teaching of the Church. They found themselves worsted in a contest where a verbal knowledge of the Bible, and a number of disconnected passages which had often nothing to do with the question in dispute, gave the assailant of Catholic dogma no small advantage, while effrontery and reckless mis-statement enabled him to cover his real ignorance of the subject on which he was discoursing. The Protestant, while professing to revere the Bible, by these means made the very name of Bible-reader and Bible-reading a synonym for heretic and heresy.

It is very sad that this should be so, and that the Book of books should have been thus discredited by the enemies of God. It is very sad that, under pretence of honouring it, they should have brought it into dishonour and contempt. But the fact cannot be denied, and we must take it into account in considering the various safeguards and restrictions by which the Church has from time to time hedged in the Word of God.

We have already seen that during the first twelve hundred years all the influence of Popes and Bishops, Doctors of the Church and theologians, was exerted in favour of a wider spread of Holy Scripture and a more familiar acquaintance with its Sacred Text by clergy and laity alike. Even after the invention of printing, when a general diffusion of Bibles in the vernacular first became possible, there was no check or hindrance put upon it by authority, so long as the translations used were really a version, not a perversion, of Holy Scripture, and were not interlarded with heretical or offensive annotations. In Germany more than twenty-seven editions of the Bible had already appeared before the Reformation, all of them sanctioned by authority. In Italy more than forty, besides others in Spain, France, and Holland. The very men who condemned heretical versions were themselves devoted and continual Bible readers. St. Louis of France, who enforced the measures passed in the Council of Toulouse against the Waldenses and their mutilated Bibles, found a wondrous delight in the reading of the Sacred Books (*S. Bibliorum lectione mire delectabatur*).¹ The pious Henry the Sixth of England continually occupied himself in prayer and in the reading of the Scriptures (*in orationibus aut in Scripturarum lectionibus assidue*

¹ Paulus Æmilius, *De rebus gestis Francorum*, bk. vii.

erat occupatus). John the Second, King of Castile, was also a constant Bible reader, while Alonzo the Fifth of Aragon gloried in having read the Bible fourteen times, with glosses and notes. No one can therefore accuse the Church of hindering the circulation of the Bible before the Reformation.

In England no Catholic Bible had been printed, but MS. translations were freely circulated without any hindrance from ecclesiastical authority. "The clergy," says Sir Thomas More, "keep no Bibles from the laity but such translations as be either not yet approved for good, or such as be already reprov'd for naught (bad), as Wycliffe's was. For as for old ones that were before Wycliffe's days, they remain lawful, and are in some folks' hands."

Unfortunately, the first Bible which appeared in print in England was Tyndall's. Like Wycliffe's, it had for its object to incite the people to rebellion against all lawful authority. It was speedily confiscated, not from any wish to keep the people ignorant of the Word of God, but because preface and notes alike abounded in virulent abuse of prelates and priests, monks and religious, and of the rites and ceremonies of the Church. It was also a bad translation, flavoured with the errors of Lollardism, and intended as an indirect attack on the Catholic Church. The word *Church* does not occur in it. In St. Matt. xvi. 18, our Lord is made to say "On this rock I will build My congregation." The word *idols* is translated *images*. In St. John v. 21, the Apostle warns the early Christians, "Babes, keep yourselves from images." The apostolic *traditions* on which St. Paul lays stress (2 Thess. ii. 15, iii. 6) are turned into *ordinances*, and so on.¹

In foreign countries also the Word of God was, in Reformation days, turned into an instrument for the spread of heresy. Luther and Luther's translation of the Bible were the personal and impersonal representations of the new teaching, and it was absolutely necessary, if the purity of the Gospel of Jesus Christ was to be preserved and defended from the perversion and misuse by heretics, that some general law should be passed restraining the faithful from the use of translations in which the meaning was falsified, and the sweet milk of Christian doctrine turned to poison. It is this necessity which has given rise to a series of decrees, encyclicals, and briefs issued from time to time by the authority of various Popes, all of which are

¹ Cf. Allnatt, *The Bible and the Reformation*, pp. 4, 5.

directed, not against the reading of the Word of God, but either against its reading by those whose object was to find there what suited their heretical purposes, and who ingeniously twisted Holy Scripture to the opposite sense to that intended by its Divine Author, or against any interpretation of it in a sense contrary to the teaching of the Church and the unanimous consent of the Fathers, Doctors, and Theologians.

The Council of Trent provided a remedy for both evils. In its Decree, *De editione et usu Sacrorum librorum*, it forbids any explanation "contrary to that meaning which our Holy Mother the Church holds and has ever held (since it is hers to judge of the true meaning and explanation of Holy Scripture) or in opposition to the unanimous consent of the Fathers."¹ At the same time, with a view to the enforcing of the above Decree, it passed a law which required any one publishing a new edition of the Bible to obtain licence from the Ordinary to do so; and even the reading of the Bible in the vernacular was subject to episcopal approbation—a proviso which was very necessary at the time, but was no longer enforced as soon as the outburst of heretical fury, which perversely abused Holy Scripture for its own purposes, had somewhat subsided.²

In fact, all prohibitory and restrictive enactments soon began to fall into the background, as compared with the encouragement and approbation which one Pope after another, as time went on, gave to the circulation of versions of the Bible duly sanctioned by authority. Thus Benedict the Fourteenth, in 1757, approves of the issue of versions of Holy

¹ "Præterea ad coercenda petulantia ingenia decernit, ut nemo suæ prudentiæ innixus, in rebus fidei et morum, ad ædificationem doctrinæ christianæ pertinentium, sacram Scripturam ad suos sensus contorquens, contra eum sensum, quem tenuit et tenet sancta mater Ecclesia, cujus est judicare de vero sensu et interpretatione Scripturarum sanctarum, aut etiam contra unanimem consensum Patrum, ipsam Scripturam sacram interpretari audeat; etiamsi hujusmodi interpretationes nullo unquam tempore in lucem edendæ forent. Qui contraverint, per ordinarios declarentur et penis a jure statutis puniantur." (*Conc. Trid.* Sess. IV. Decretum de editione et usu sacrorum librorum.)

² This law forms the Fourth Rule of the Index, and runs as follows: "Cum experimento manifestum sit, si sacra Biblia vulgari lingua passim sine discrimine permittantur, plus inde, ob hominum temeritatem, detrimenti, quam utilitatis oriri; hac in parte judicio Episcopi, aut Inquisitoris stetur, ut cum consilio parochi, vel confessarii, Bibliorum, a catholicis auctoribus versorum, lectionem in vulgari lingua eis concedere possint, quos intellexerint ex hujusmodi lectione non damnum, sed fidei atque pietatis augmentum capere posse; quam facultatem in scriptis habeant. Qui autem absque tali facultate ea legere, seu habere præsumperit, nisi prius Bibliis Ordinario redditus, peccatorum absolutionem percipere non possit."

Scripture so long as they have the proper sanction and are published with notes drawn from the Fathers, or Catholic theologians. In 1778, Pius the Sixth, writes to the Archbishop of Florence, who was active in circulating Bibles in the vernacular, "You judge exceedingly well that the faithful should be excited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures; for these are the most abundant sources which ought to be left open to every one¹ to draw from them purity of morals and of doctrine, and to eradicate the errors which are so widely spread in these corrupt times. This you have seasonably effected by publishing the sacred writings in the language of your country suitable to every one's capacity." In 1820, Pius the Seventh urges the English Bishops "to encourage their people to read the Holy Scriptures: for 'nothing can be more useful, more consolatory, and more animating; because they serve to confirm the faith, to support the hope, and to inflame the charity of the true Christian.'" ² Last of all, in the Pastoral Letter, issued only three years since by the American Bishops assembled in Council at Baltimore, they say "It can be hardly necessary to remind you, beloved brethren, that the most highly valued treasure of every family library, and the most frequently and lovingly made use of, should be the Holy Scriptures," and after citing the letter of Pius the Sixth given above they conclude, "We trust that no family can be found amongst us without a correct version of the Holy Scriptures."

It seems strange, that in the teeth of facts like these, Protestants should accuse the Church and her Pontiffs of discouraging and forbidding the reading of the Bible. It is not easy to believe in the good faith of those who do so. For instance, in the *English Churchman* of Nov. 1, are contained a number of astounding statements on this subject, which it is difficult to excuse even on the ground of the most stupid

¹ These words may seem to the superficial reader to be in contradiction with the Bull *Unigenitus* and its condemnation of Quesnel's Proposition 80: "The reading of Holy Scripture is for all." But the apparent contradiction is easily explained if we examine the general drift of Quesnel's teaching. He asserted the necessity of the study of Holy Scripture by all and their claim to it as a right, thus denying the right of the Church to withhold it from those to whom it was a source of danger and who would pervert its sacred teaching. This was a virtual denial of the disciplinary power of the Church. When read in this sense, to say that the reading of Holy Scripture is for all is to assert the right of private judgment and unbounded liberty in the use of the Bible.

² *The Popular Use of the Bible Encouraged by the Catholic Church.* By the Rev. Kenelm Vaughan, p. 17.

ignorance. The writer cites a number of Papal utterances on the subject, and his veracity may be judged from one or two instances. Thus he says :

In the year 1824, in an "Encyclical," Leo the Twelfth speaks of a certain society "which is spreading over the world the Bible, *which is the gospel of the devil.*"

The Bible called by the Pope "*the gospel of the devil!*" What a horrible charge to bring! If it is true, the sooner we examine into the infallibility of the document the better. But if it is false, what shall we say of a writer who attacks the Church of God with such astounding mendacity? And it is false, grossly and utterly false, and no honest man could have made the charge if he had read the document—and we add, no honest man would have made it if he had *not* read the document. The words of the Holy Father are really as follows :

You are aware, venerable Brethren, that a certain society, commonly called the *Bible Society*, strolls with effrontery throughout the world ; which society, contemning the traditions of the Holy Fathers, and contrary to the well-known Decree of the Council of Trent, labours with all its might and by every means to translate—or rather to pervert—the Holy Bible into the vulgar languages of every nation ; from which proceeding it is greatly to be feared that what is ascertained to have happened as to some passages, may also occur with regard to others, to wit : that by a perverse interpretation, the Gospel of Christ *be turned into a human gospel, or, what is still worse, into the gospel of the devil.*"¹

Who would venture to trust a translation, not of the Bible, but of any book whatever, to such an utterly unscrupulous distorter of words as this?

The same writer continues :

Pope Pius the Ninth, in January, 1850, says : "The Bible Society ventures to spread abroad the Scriptures in the mother tongue without ecclesiastical notes or warnings. Under false deception it invites the faithful to read the same. You, reverend brethren, will see with what watchful wisdom you must bestir yourselves to awaken in the faithful a holy horror of such poisonous reading."

¹ "Non vos latet, VV. FF., Societatem quamdam dictam vulgo *Biblicam*, per totum orbem audacter vagari, quæ spretis SS. Patrum Traditionibus, et contra notissimum Tridentini Concilii Decretum in id collatis viribus ac modis omnibus intendit, ut in vulgares linguas nationum omnium Sacra vertantur, vel potius pervertantur, Biblia. Ex quo valde pertimescendum est, ne sicut in aliquibus jam notis, et in ceteris 'interpretatione perversa de Evangelio Christi hominis fiat Evangelium, aut quod pejus est, diaboli.'" (From the *Encyclical Letter of Pope Leo the Twelfth. With an English translation of the same*, published in Dublin by Richard Coyne, 1824.)

What the Pope really says is:

The agents of these Bible Societies do not scruple to spread abroad and recommend to the faithful people, under plea of religion, Bibles translated into the vernacular, and by this means corrupted and with reckless audacity twisted to a false meaning. Hence, venerable brethren, you understand with what vigilance and anxiety you must labour that the faithful sheep of the flock may shun the pestilential reading of them.¹

My Catholic readers will pardon me for quoting these reckless falsehoods (they are only two out of a string of similar obliquities). But we sometimes are inclined to wonder at the prejudice still existing against the Church. It is fabrications such as the above which keep up the bitter feeling respecting what they call Romish intolerance and Romish bigotry. Who would have believed that an educated man could be so dead to all respect for truth as to fight with weapons like these?

We must now sum up, as far as we can, the attitude of authority to popular Bible reading.

1. In normal circumstances, and among the faithful children of the Church, the reading of the Bible is generally and strongly encouraged, though it is never ordered as a matter of strict obligation.

2. At the same time, in the face of the corrupt and distorted mistranslations current, every edition of the Bible has to receive episcopal approbation.

3. There is also a general law that every version should have explanatory notes by approved theologians.

4. Under certain circumstances, and where heresy has taken as its watchword unrestrained liberty in the reading and the interpretation of the Bible, further restrictions are to be imposed, and even an actual prohibition to read the Bible in the vernacular without permission is sometimes necessary.

Is not all this not only reasonable, but instinct with a Divine prudence? Suppose a parallel case by way of illustration. Let us imagine any sensible man called upon to legislate respecting the drinking, say, of milk, or some other wholesome

¹ "Immo et præsidio usi Societatum Biblicarum, quæ a Sancta hac sede jamdudum damnatæ sunt, Sacra etiam Biblia præter Ecclesiæ regulas in vulgarem linguam translata, atque adeo corrupta, et in prævum sensum infando ausu detorta diffundere, illorumque lectionem sub religionis obtentu fideli plebi commendare non verentur. Hinc pro sapientia vestra optime intelligitis, Venerabiles Fratres, quanta vobis vigilantia et sollicitudine adlaborandum sit, ut fideles oves a pestifera illorum lectione prorsus abhorreant."

and nourishing beverage ; would not his attitude be very much like that of the Church in its legislation respecting the drinking in of the milk of the Word of God? Under normal circumstances he would encourage it, but where it was adulterated and mixed with unwholesome matter he would require the approbation of a Government inspector of all milk sold. Where milk had proved to act like poison on the unhealthy stomachs of those suffering from disease, he would recommend restrictions to be imposed, and sometimes an actual prohibition of its use without special leave would be necessary. This is exactly what the Church has done respecting Holy Writ.

I cannot do better than conclude by quoting a passage from Adrian the Sixth, who occupied the Chair of Peter during the early portion of the sixteenth century.

Just as I would not have any one compelled (to the study of Scripture), so much less can I excuse all from reading it, since it is certain that every one is bound to acquire such a knowledge of the Divine law, as may direct his actions according to his degree, without mortal sin. And as regards the priests whom God has called into His Church to watch on behalf of others, I do not see how they can, without serious sin, give their attention to other things, neglecting all knowledge of the Divine law. So, too, laymen sin if they do not faithfully pay attention to it in all that concerns them for the affairs of ordinary life. They must therefore be on their guard . . . not to pay more attention to the food of the mind than of the soul, to profane literature than to Holy Scripture. For I do not see how such can be said to love before all things God, who inspired the salutary pages of Holy Scripture.¹

This passage teaches as clearly as words can teach it, the doctrine of the Church respecting the normal use of the Bible, and by the normal use I mean that which she enforces where she is able to act freely and is not hampered by the heretical spirit which turns to poison the sweet waters of life.

¹ "Equidem uti neminem [ad Scripturarum studium] arctari intendo, ita multo minus omnes excusare possim ; cum certum sit unumquemque ad tantam divinæ legis arctari notitiam, quanta possit actus suos pro qualitate personæ citra peccatum mortale dirigere. Et de Pastoribus quidem, quos Dominus in Ecclesiam suam vocavit ad statum oculi, quorum est aliorum conscientiis et saluti consulere, non video qui sine damnabili culpa, omissa divinæ legis notitia, aliis intendant. Sed ita etiam unicuique laico peccatum, nisi invicem sibi in his quæ ad communem vitæ usum pertinent, operam fideliter dederint. Viderint ergo etiam laici ; ne . . . plus corporis quam animæ pabulo, profanis quam Sacris Scripturis plus intendant. Non, inquam, video, quomodo Deum salutaris ejusdem Scripturæ inspiratorem super omnia diligant." (Adrian VI., quoted in Ussher, *De Scripturis et Sacris Vernaculis*, p. 177.)

*The New Genesis.*¹

THOSE who wish to understand the new Gospel of Evolution in its entirety, to see what the theory is, to which, we are assured, science gives its sanction, have hitherto laboured under many difficulties. Not every one has the time to peruse the works of Mr. Darwin, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Professors Huxley and Haeckel ; and few of those who have the time, have the power to master their teaching in all its bearings, or to construct therefrom a system of philosophy. At the same time, the new ideas, of which these are the authorized exponents, are so much in the air, their praises are so loudly sung and their superiority to old and effete notions so vociferously proclaimed, that curiosity must needs be awakened, and it must be felt as a hardship to be shut out from the intellectual wealth of the new Eldorado, into which these bold explorers have pushed their way. It must, therefore, be a source of much satisfaction to have this wealth brought to our own doors, to have the evolutionary theory "in relation to the totality of things," set forth "in clear and, as far as possible, simple words." This boon Mr. Edward Clodd has conferred on the world in his *Story of Creation, a plain account of evolution*, and in studying it we have the satisfaction of knowing that we are listening to an accepted authority of the evolutionary propaganda. Mr. Clodd has written other books, dealing with separate branches of the evolutionist creed, works which are translated into many languages and issued in cheap editions for the benefit of school-children, and in embossed type for the blind ; works which have been bought by many thousands.² We

¹ *The Story of Creation.* A plain account of Evolution. By Edward Clodd, Author of *The Childhood of the World*, &c. Fifth and sixth thousand. Longmans, Green, and Co., 1888.

² The following list of works "by the same author" is advertised :

The Childhood of the World: a simple account of man in early times. Sixth thousand. Cheap edition for schools. Twenty-second thousand.

Also to be had in Dutch, Finnish, French, Italian, Sekwana, and Swedish, and in embossed type for the blind.

need, therefore, be under no fear lest we be defrauded of enlightenment, by having the great doctrine inadequately set before us.

What, then, is the outcome of this "plain account?" Obviously the work which undertakes to present it, courts examination, and, as obviously, the subject calls for plain speaking. Either the evolutionary doctrine is the greatest boon ever presented by human sages to their fellow-men, or it is an utter nuisance. It claims to sweep away all existing creeds, and all the foundations on which morality has hitherto been supposed to rest; to prove them false and misleading; and to substitute for them another belief, and another basis of right and wrong, truer and more substantial. If its claim be established, it certainly deserves our unbounded gratitude, both for what it takes away, and for what it gives; but if the story it asks us to accept be an absurdity, and the foundation on which it bids us build, be but a bag of wind, it becomes a manifest duty to lay bare the fraud in uncompromising terms.

Let us, therefore, study honestly, and from the standpoint of pure reason, the story of evolution as told by Mr. Clodd. In the first place this is what the story comes to, and it shall be given, as far as possible, in his own words.

"The Universe," by which word is designated 'all that exists,' "is made up of Matter and Power,"¹ the power being material and inherent in the matter.² "The Problem we have to consider is this:—Given Matter and Power as the raw material of the universe, is the interaction of Power upon Matter, sufficient to account for the totality of non-living and living contents of the universe."³ This question we are to answer in the affirmative. "All changes of state are due to the re-arrangement of atoms through the play of attracting forces and repelling energies;"⁴ "the nebulous stuff, of which the universe is the product, held latent within its diffused vapours, not only the elements of which the dry land and the waters are built," but also all life, and man into the bargain, with all his works.⁵ Life is but an arrangement of matter, so as to live; mind is but an

The Childhood of Religions. Fourth thousand. Cheap edition for schools. Eighth thousand.

Also to be had in Dutch, Italian, and Swedish.

Jesus of Nazareth. Embracing a sketch of Jewish history. Second thousand.

Also to be had in Dutch.

Myths and Dreams. Second thousand. Also to be had in Dutch.

¹ P. 6. ² P. 137. ³ P. 136. ⁴ P. 137. ⁵ P. 5.

arrangement, so as to think ; "the chemic lump arrives at the plant and grows ; arrives at the quadruped and walks ; arrives at the man and thinks."¹ The process has been this. First from diffused matter were evolved stellar systems ; and "given the play of force and energy upon the diffused matter, the mechanics of the process, which resulted in the visible universe, are not difficult of explanation."² Worlds being thus provided, the next step was to develop life. "The simplest compounds of elements were formed first, the combinations becoming more and more complex, until they reached that subtle form which is the physical basis of life, and which, starting in water as a structureless jelly, has reached its fullest development in man."³ For finally, "mind, as a special form of life, takes its place as the highest product of power upon matter."⁴

Man must needs fall under the province of evolution, for otherwise evolution would not be true,⁵ and accordingly, since his appearance on the earth, he has been the principal theatre for the play of its laws. He has developed not only various races, but chiefly various mind-products ; society and its laws,⁶ language,⁷ morals,⁸ and religions ;⁹ the laws of society and of moral conduct being identical, and springing from his inherited knowledge, as to what is good for his race ; and religion being a vague and cloudy structure, compounded of ignorance and fear, a state of error, through which it was necessary for him to pass on the road to truth,¹⁰ the frenzy of the savage and the ecstasy of the saint having a common base in undisciplined imagination." Finally, truth has been reached in the doctrine of evolution, "from the action of mind on mind, has arisen that social evolution, to which, in a supreme degree, is owing the progress of man in knowledge, whereby he has subdued the earth."¹¹

It cannot be denied, that here is a very ample bill of fare for our entertainment. Never, surely, was such a feast of reason promised to the mind of man, as is by this philosophy of the totality of things. Now shall we, at last, be enfranchised from the thralldom of mystery, and proudly stand, like Homer's warriors, looking forwards and backwards, our minds the monarchs of all they survey.

But it will, doubtless, be the part of prudence, first to

¹ Quoted by Mr. Clodd from Emerson, p. 135.

² P. 138.

³ P. 230.

⁴ P. 231.

⁵ P. 206.

⁶ P. 211.

⁷ P. 216.

⁸ P. 218.

⁹ P. 214.

¹⁰ P. 227.

¹¹ P. 231.

examine on what basis all these pretensions rest ; what bridges are afforded us to span the chasms over which we have to make our way, as we follow the course of things, from the beginning to the end. Nay, what about the beginning? Mr. Clodd calls his book *The Story of Creation* ; but creation is precisely what he does not tell us about, and about which he confesses he has nothing to tell : "the whence of the nebula and its potential life," being "an abiding mystery that overawes and baffles us."¹ "Of the beginning, of what was before the present state of things, we know nothing, and speculation about it is futile."² Nor only that : the beginning is, to the evolutionist, so hopeless a mystery, that he cannot even find a name for it, but must needs call it "creation," though creation evidently implies a Creator, and that is just what the whole story is meant to dispense with. Therefore, as the first stage in this supereminently rational inquiry, we must, like good little children, open our mouths, and shut our eyes, and swallow down the first bolus of mystery, and of mystery to which we postulate that there can never be a solution ; either for our mind or for any other ; since it is written : "Positive knowledge does not, and never can, fill the whole region of possible thought."³ At the uttermost reach of discovery there arises, and must ever arise, the question, What lies beyond ? "⁴ Therefore, as Mr. Clodd naively confesses, to get to work at all, we must take things as we find them, and elect to begin somewhere. "Since everything points to the finite duration of the present universe, we must make a start somewhere. And we are therefore compelled to posit a primordial nebulous, non-luminous state, where the atoms, with their inherent⁵ forces and energies stood apart from one another."⁶ Which being interpreted means, that we must take for

¹ P. 5.² P. 136.

³ Verily this is a hard saying. "The region of possible thought" must be that in which thought is possible ; and the region to which thought cannot penetrate, must be impossible to it. But thought penetrates a subject only by knowledge. Therefore, to say that knowledge cannot fill the region of possible thought seems to be the same as saying that there is a region of possible thought, wherein thought is impossible.

⁴ Herbert Spencer, *First Principles*, p. 16. 3rd edition. Quoted by Clodd, p. 5.

⁵ "The word 'inherent' passes with some people for an explanation, but unfortunately it is the very thing that wants explaining. 'Inherent' only means sticking in, and nobody will doubt that if such a power once got into an atom it would be likely to stay there. . . . It is amazing that people in this boasting age of science should promulgate and accept such empty phrases as these for a solution of the problem of the origin of the laws of nature or the present state of the universe." (Lord Grimthorpe, *Origin of the Laws of Nature*, pp. 27, 28.)

⁶ P. 137.

granted, that matter existed; and existed in a state contrary to that to which the exercise of its own force tends to bring it. Its atoms were far apart to begin with: they have been drawing nearer and nearer to one another ever since.

Here, therefore, at the very first throw off, we experience a check, which promises to be final, and which must needs set us a-questioning our instructor. If he knows nothing about it, how comes he to be able to explain it all? Granting matter to be self-existent, an enormous concession, what about its forces? and what about its primordial state? The forces of matter could never have got it into that state, from which, as science demonstrates, they can only more and more remove it. Yet there the state was; and it requires to be accounted for. It is, moreover, the foundation of all that has since been made of matter; therefore, till it be explained, nothing is explained. That the teaching of science is as I have stated, we need not go far to show. "Astronomy," Professor Huxley tells us,¹ "leads us to contemplate phenomena the very nature of which demonstrates that they must have had a beginning, and that they must have an end." It is supposed, says Balfour Stewart,² that the particles of matter originally existed at a great distance from each other; and that, being endowed with the force of gravitation, they have since gradually come together, generating heat in the process; and that they will continue to approach one another, till further motion becomes impossible, and heat can no longer be produced. "The process goes on, and always in one direction."³ The tendency therefore of the particles which make up matter, when left to themselves, is to come together: how came they at first to be apart? and as their being apart was necessary for all the work⁴ ever to be done in the universe we understand nothing, till we understand this.

But we have, by no means, as yet got clear of our difficulties. It is very easy, and rhetorically very advantageous, to talk about "matter," as existing of itself, and endowed with forces, and with that still more convenient attribute, "potentialities." But what does this word "matter" stand for? Not for one thing, but for hundreds of millions of billions of totally distinct

¹ *Lay Sermons*. "On the advisableness of imparting Natural Knowledge."

² *Conservation of Energy*, p. 151.

³ The term *work* in scientific language designates the change of condition of a body, as from motion to rest or rest to motion, from one temperature to another, or from one chemical or electrical condition to another, as will be seen later.

⁴ Balfour Stewart, *Conservation of Energy*, p. 142.

and independently existent atoms, each having its being of itself, without owing anything to any other; not to be changed or subdued by any force in nature. Through all change of circumstances and surroundings, Mr. Clodd tells us, an atom remains unchanged. "It matters not how many millions of years have elapsed during these changes, age cannot wither or weaken it; amidst all the fierce play of the mighty agencies to which it has been subjected, it remains unbroken and unworn:"¹ and it seems to him appropriate to apply to the atom the words of the Apostle, "The things which are not seen are eternal."² So stubborn, in fact, and untameable are these atoms, that, as Lord Grimthorpe has well remarked,³ the materialist doctrine really means "every atom its own god." How, then, comes it, that they are so law-abiding a race? that they have combined to work out that order of the universe, which affects none of them one whit? that they have agreed, each to be like some atoms, and unlike others?⁴ How in particular has it been arranged that their ceaseless jarrings and buffetings should produce the harmony we witness? For work is done in the universe only where there is resistance to force; and if the elements had not agreed to differ, and had not been in a condition to differ with effect, there could have been no heat, and no life upon the earth.

Such are a few of the difficulties which lie upon the threshold, over which we are invited to trip so easily, when we are asked to "posit" a primordial nebulous, non-luminous state, where atoms endowed with inherent forces and energies stood apart from one another; as being a simpler and plainer account of the matter than the old one, that "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

But perhaps it is only the first step which is hard, and if we can make up our minds to jump blindfold across this preliminary abyss, we shall be rewarded by finding our lines laid in pleasant places on the further side. Let us try. After the genesis of matter, the next great problem which we have to face is the genesis of life. What explanation has the evolutionist to offer in regard of this? Alas! "The ultimate cause which, bringing certain lifeless bodies together, gives

¹ P. II.² P. II.³ *Origin of the Laws of Nature*, p. 29.⁴ There are, so far as science knows, about seventy kinds of atoms, from which, as from letters of the alphabet, all material things are composed; as oxygen atoms, hydrogen atoms, carbon atoms, iron atoms.

living matter as the result, is a profound mystery :"¹ that is all. Again, a gulf that may not be passed, yawns across our path ; and again, just when we want him, our guide is as ignorant as ourselves ; while the old story which he asks us to discredit in favour of his own, goes unfaltering on : "And God said let the earth bring forth the green herb . . . and He said let the waters bring forth the creeping creature having life, and the fowl that may fly over the earth . . . and let the earth bring forth the living creature in its kind. And it was so done."

As with life, so with Mind. We are assured over and over again, that it is only a form of matter, but when we come from assurances to demonstration, we must be fain to rest content with the soul-satisfying declaration that "the gulf between consciousness and the movement of the molecules of nerve-matter is impassable,"² or, as Professor Tyndall more elegantly puts it, "unthinkable."

What then, with all these monstrous limitations, are the credentials of the evolutionary creed? What is the purport of the evidence of that "cloud of witnesses," which, we are told, science brings to prove "the unbroken intercalation of all things"?³ Truth to tell, nothing could more accurately describe the character of the testimony presented, than to call it a "cloud ;" unless, indeed, it were to be called a "fog." The one fact given us, is the existence of evidence to show that various species of plants and animals have probably, or possibly, been developed one from another. This, so far as it goes, is matter for scientific treatment ; and the theory of evolution, within the limits thus afforded, has a right to be called a scientific hypothesis. But, whether this portion of the theory be true or no, it assuredly does not furnish a foundation for a doctrine of evolution, extending to the "totality of things." Yet this is precisely what it is assumed to do. Taking it as proved that animals and plants have developed into fresh species, it is taken for granted that evolution is, therefore, a law, extending backwards into the inorganic world, and forwards into the mind of man. Yet nothing could be more utterly unlike, than the processes which are thus conveniently grouped under the one term of "evolution." Let it be a fact, that a fish has developed into a bird, because, in the struggle for existence, bird-like qualities enabled it to outlive other sons of fishes ; what possible light does this throw on the question as to what induced atoms

¹ P. 149.² P. 152.³ P. 145.

of oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen to combine into living tissue? The atoms gained nothing, as atoms, by so doing. *They* have no struggle for existence, for, as we have heard, they are eternal; they are as much atoms, and mere atoms of oxygen and nitrogen in the brain of a man, as in the vapours of a nebula; only that and nothing more. The one element, which is proclaimed to be the main-spring of organic evolution, is totally and absolutely wanting in the inorganic—the element of strife for survival. And on the other hand nothing can be more diametrically opposed than the selfish struggle between individuals of the same species, to which, we are told, organic development is due, and the virtues which, since Christianity has been seen on earth, men have perforce agreed to esteem; charity, justice, and compassion. The struggle for existence, on which Darwinism is built, so far as it has modified species, has been a struggle, not between creatures of different kinds, but between those of the same kind; the strong trampling out the weak, the robust crushing and exterminating the feeble. No individual animal or plant has ever, or is ever supposed to have, striven for the good of its race, but for its own; and it has benefited the race only by making itself, through successful struggle, a more vigorous progenitor for its own offspring. Yet because animals have thus struggled, the fittest always surviving, and making the weakest go to the wall, we are asked to believe that man has, as their inheritor, naturally evolved the instinct of doing good to others, of self-conquest, of obedience,¹ of everything in short which is the exact opposite of the instincts whence his are said to be derived.

Yet this false analogy, founded on inexact and unscientific use of words, is absolutely the only shred presented to us, which can, even by courtesy, be called an attempt at proof. For the rest, there is nothing but bald assertion, bad science, and, above all, vague dithyrambic declamation, which, considered as poetry, is very poor stuff indeed, and, considered as philosophy, has absolutely no meaning. This last is indeed the battle horse of your evolutionist, and he always, while modestly proclaiming his weakness for "simple and plain language," contrives to spin for himself a web of phrases, in which we can find only what Hamlet found in the letter, Words, Words, Words. It seems in fact to be a maxim with such writers, that a difficulty is got

¹ P. 224.

over by describing it in terms coined from the Latin or the Greek—a sort of embossed type for the blind, the force of which, if not seen can at least be felt, like the blessed word Mesopotamia. From plain English they flee, as from the face of a serpent. The great prophet of evolution himself has set the example in the celebrated dictum, "Evolution is a change from an indefinite, incoherent, homogeneity, to a definite, coherent, heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations."¹ The disciples prove themselves apt imitators of the master. Take, for example, the following piece of demonstration concerning the distinction between living and lifeless matter.²

"Speaking relatively—for nothing is absolutely motionless—the crystal is stable, irresponsible: the cell is plastic, unstable, responsive, adapting itself to the slightest variation; it 'stoops to conquer,' and so undergoes ceaseless modification by interaction with its ever-changing environment. Life involves delicacy of construction; hence the transient nature of the organic in contrast to the abiding nature of the inorganic. And, strange as it may seem, separation is life; integration is death. For life is due to the sun's radiant energy, which, setting up separative movements, enables the plant to convert through its mysterious alchemy, the lifeless into the living, thus forming energetic compounds, which are used partly by the thrifty plant for its own vital needs, and largely by the spendthrift animal for its nutrition, to repair waste and maintain functions. Ultimately the energy thus derived from the sun, directly by the plant and indirectly by the animal, passes into space, and 'the dust returns to the earth as it was.' For life is only a local and temporary arrest of the universal movement towards equilibrium."

Of a truth here is plain and simple language, adapted to the meanest capacity; and proving to demonstration the thesis, which it is brought to sustain, that "the origin of life is not a more stupendous problem than the origin of water."³ Surely, if clear utterance denotes clear thinking, we have it given us to drink a crystalline draught of thought.

¹ Herbert Spencer, *First Principles*. Thus unfeelingly Englished by Mr. Kirkman: "Evolution is a change from a no-how-ish, untalkabout-able, all-alikeness, to a some-how-ish, and in-general-talkabout-able, not-all-alikeness, through continuous something-else-ifications and stick-together-ations."

² P. 151.

³ P. 150. The origin of life is on p. 149 "a profound mystery." Here "it hides no profounder mystery than the lifeless." On p. 230 it is fully explained by calling the combinations of elements producing it "subtile."

But the writer has not in the foregoing passage put forth all his strength. Here is another, pitched in a higher key, of the style I call dithyrambic. It is designed to do away with the slight difficulty presented by the fact, that the machinery of the universe is found by science to be running down like a clock, that the inevitable end of all life is seen to be approaching and that the phenomena, from which we learn this, tell us also that there was a definite beginning. "The ultimate transference of all energy to the ethereal medium, involves the end of the existing state of things. But the ceaseless redistribution of matter, force-clasped and energy-riven, involves the beginning of another state of things. So the changes are rung on evolution and dissolution on the birth and death of stellar systems—gas to solid, solid to gas, yet never quite the same—mighty rhythmic beats, of which the earth's cycles, and the cradles and graves of her children, are minor rhythms."¹

This is certainly pretty well for a man who confesses that he knows nothing of what he is talking about, that "of what was before the present state of things, of what will follow the end of it, we know nothing, and speculation is futile:"² for through the nebulous, non-luminous stuff, of which, like his primeval universe, our author's explanations are composed, there glimmers unmistakably the assertion, decently wreathed in vapourings to veil its crude absurdity, that there never was a beginning and never will be an end; that the teaching of science is, "one universe down, and another come on."

Till I read such productions as this, I used to fancy that the author of *Dombey and Son* had overpassed the limits of caricature, in the speech assigned to Captain Bunsby. I now conceive this great man to have been an evolutionist, evolved before his time, and his oracle as to the likelihood of a certain son and heir having gone down, to be a foreshadowing of the pronouncement of sages as to the coming up of the son and heir of evolutionary ages? "What I say, I stand to. Whereby. Why not? Do I believe he's gone down? Mayhap. Do I say so? Which? A skipper isn't forced to run upon the Goodwins. But he may. The bearing of this observation lays in the application on it. That ain't no part of my duty. Avast then: keep a bright look out, and good luck to you."

To take one more specimen of what the old Areopagites called "word-scattering," which common folk call "talkee-talkee,"

¹ P. 231.² P. 136.

and evolutionist philosophers call proof. Let it be this time the supply of an acknowledged want in evolutionary machinery that serves as a sample.¹

"Professor Huxley says, that 'the great need of the doctrine of evolution is a theory of variation?' When, however, we consider the minute complexity of structure of living things invisible to the naked eye, and their response to every shiver of energy from without, we have sufficing factors to produce unstableness, which will result in unlikeness of parts. Given a body which, although a minute speck, contains billions of molecules performing complicated movements of immense rapidity, and sensible in an inconceivable degree to the play of vibrations impinging upon them at the rate of hundreds of trillions per second, would not the marvel be if these quivering particles of the structure, shaken by energies within, and by still more potent energies without, did not undergo continuous redistribution?"

From this style of argument it would appear, so far as it is possible to attach to it any meaning whatever, that a sledgehammer being a sufficing factor "to produce unstableness" in a lever watch, it would be a marvel if it did not convert it into an eight-day clock. Is not this sort of thing worth translating, for the benefit of Finns and Sekwanas? and a boon whereof school-children should by no means be defrauded?

The field we have been exploring is so vast, that, to get on at all, we must take a hint from Mr. Clodd, and elect to make an end somewhere: so I will content myself with these specimens, albeit there are finer to be found, proceeding at once to another point, whereto some of the above quoted utterances will serve to introduce us.

Many of my readers will doubtless have been puzzled by Mr. Clodd's use of the term "Energy," and puzzled they well may be, for thereby hangs an extraordinary tale. The great obstacle which science throws in the way of the eternity of the universe, of that mighty rhythmic beat and those misty cycles, chanted by Mr. Clodd, is the doctrine of the Conservation of Energy. According to this, which now takes rank among physicists with the doctrine of gravitation, energy is defined as the power of doing work, and work is done when the state of a body is changed. Work is done in the impact of a rifle-bullet upon a target by the heat and change of form that results in both. The sun does work upon a pool of water by vaporizing it,

¹ P. 162.

or upon a lump of ice by melting it. Work is done in the burning of a candle, in the first place by chemical combination between its carbon and the oxygen of the air, and then by evolution of heat in the process. Work is likewise done when a stick of sealing-wax is rubbed on a cloth and becomes electrified and it can then do the work of electrifying another body, or of moving such objects as scraps of paper, or pith-balls. It is thus evident that one sort of energy can be changed into another: motion, into heat or electricity; and *vice versa*. Moreover, energy can exist in two conditions, kinetic and potential. Kinetic energy is the energy of movement, potential energy that of position. The rifle-ball flying to the target has kinetic energy only, it can do work only because it is in motion. The water in a mill-reservoir has energy of position only, it can do work because it has been raised up against gravity, and because gravity will pull it down again when it has the chance, and so enable it to do work by turning the mill-wheel. Energy, therefore is to be found in a body, only when work has been done upon that body; on the bullet by the explosion of gunpowder; on the water by the sun's evaporation, or the pressure of other water, or the pumping of a steam-engine. Therefore energy, as we know it, is the product of force: and it is always expended in doing work. Another important point of the doctrine is that though the sum of energy, in the universe, is constant, the sum of energy available for work is growing continually less. The energy of motion can be entirely converted into heat, but heat cannot be entirely converted back into motion; from which it must inevitably come to pass that heat will supplant motion and become the form of energy dominant in the universe. But heat in the first place never brings all its force into play to do work. Much of it is radiated into space, into what Mr. Clodd calls the ethereal medium, and does no work, because it finds nothing to act upon.¹ In the second place, heat can do work

¹ "Universally diffused heat forms what may be called the great waste-heap of the universe, and this is growing larger year by year." (Balfour Stewart, *Conservation of Energy*, p. 153.)

I am aware that Professor Crooke, whose authority as a chemist is very great, has, with the sanction of Professor Stacey, suggested a theory to meet the difficulty thus presented; namely, that the heat radiated to the confines of space there generates new operative energy and brings it back thence into the universe, thus keeping the store of available energy ever up to the same level, and that he says, "Hence Sir W. Thomson's startling prediction falls to the ground." (See the *Times*, April 4, 1888.)

But I observe that he speaks of this only as "hazarding a conjecture," and of the work being done "by some process of nature not yet known to us." It is

only between bodies of different temperature; once obtain thermal equilibrium between two bodies, and they can no more do work upon each other, than two ponds at the same level can establish a mill-race between them. As heat always tends to produce such equilibrium, the warmer body heating the cooler, and that cooling the other, by absorbing more heat than it returns, it follows that the time is coming on when heat can do work no more, and when, mechanical energy being changed into universally diffused heat, "the universe will no longer be a fit abode for living beings."¹

It is by this line of argument that science demonstrates the essentially finite nature of the present state of things. The end, as we see, is inevitable, and no less obvious is it that there was a definite beginning. If the machine of the universe is ever spending its working energy, it cannot have been going for ever, or the energy would have been expended long ago.² It is clear, that, when the machine was first endowed with energy, it not only got that sum which it now possesses, but got it in a highly advantageous form; probably, so far as science can tell, in the form of very violent motions, since toned down in the production of heat and electricity. If we are, as a start, to "posit" atoms at great distances from one another, we must either suppose that they were posited there by some one; or that there is a natural force that can drive them apart, against the action of gravity tending to draw them together, and, in fact, drawing them continually together more and more. Once

clear, therefore, that the theory gains nothing from his authority as a chemist, and this is a case wherein is apposite the remark of Lord Rayleigh.

"It would be easy to lay too much stress upon the opinion even of such distinguished workers as these. Men, who devote their lives to investigation, cultivate a love of truth for its own sake, and endeavour to clear up, and not, as is too often the object in business and politics, to obscure a difficult question. So far the opinion of a scientific worker may have a special value; but I do not think that he has a claim, superior to that of other educated men, to assume the attitude of a prophet. In his heart he knows that underneath the theories he constructs there lie contradictions he cannot reconcile. The higher mysteries of being, if penetrable at all by human intellect, require other weapons than those of calculation and experiment." (*Presidential Address to the British Association, 1884*).

¹ Balfour Stewart, *Conservation of Energy*, p. 142.

² "It has been well pointed out by Thomson, that, looked at in this light, the universe is a system that had a beginning and must have an end; for a process of degradation cannot be eternal. If we could view the universe as a candle not lit, then it is perhaps conceivable to regard it as having been always in existence; but if we regard it rather as a candle that has been lit, we become absolutely certain that it cannot have been burning from eternity, and that a time will come when it will cease to burn." (Balfour Stewart, *Conservation of Energy* p. 153.)

get the atoms apart, and no doubt we get the potentiality of plenty of motion, from the power of gravity; just as when we get a mass of water into a tank on a hill. But where is the power which is to do this work? Hitherto it has been unknown to science.

Such a power being, however, a necessity of evolutionary theory, it has, in accordance with the fitness of things, been itself evolved by Mr. Clodd, with the assistance of Mr. Grant Allen. They felt "the difficulty arising from the lack of precision in standard books on physics, in the use of the terms 'force' and 'energy,'" and determined to meet it, by giving "rigid and definite meanings" to the terms, so as to afford "a clearer conception of cosmic dynamics." A precious theory it is that this pair of philosophers have excogitated, and employment of their "rigid and definite" meanings of terms, would ensure the plucking of a schoolboy at the hands of any examiner who knew his business. In brief, their novel doctrine is this. Energy, instead of being a product of Force, is an independent and antagonistic Power counteracting the work of Force; belonging to matter, but not inherent in it, whatever that may mean, and capable of being passed about from one particle to another, like the one eye and one tooth which the Grey Sisters had amongst the trio, or like the books in Mudie's Library. Energy tends to separate bodies, as Force to draw them together. "Force is the attracting or pulling power; Energy is the repelling or pushing power, and by the antagonism of these the work of the universe is done."¹ "If Force had unresisted play, all the atoms in the universe would gravitate to a common centre, and ultimately form a perfect sphere in which no life would exist, and in which no work would be done. If Energy had unresisted play, the atoms in the universe would be driven asunder and remain for ever separated, with the like result of changeless powerlessness. But with these two powers in conflict, like the Ahriman and Ormuzd of the old Persian religion, the universe is the theatre of ceaseless redistribution of its contents, whether in the sweep of the stars and their attendant systems through space, or in the pendulum-like vibration of the invisible particles of every body, or in the throbs of the ethereal medium."² It is the introduction of this sort of

¹ P. 14.

² P. 14. It is perhaps worthy of note that a few pages earlier (p. 7) the existence of this ethereal medium is only a "probability."

Energy that renders the mechanics of the process of making worlds "not difficult of explanation." And the explanation of the process runs thus :

"The Force bound up in each atom, acting as affinity, combined the atoms as molecules ; acting as cohesion it united the molecules into masses ; acting as gravitation, it drew the masses towards their several centres of gravity. As the atoms rushed together, Energy, which had hitherto existed in a state of rest as passive separation, became active in *molar* and *molecular* form. As *molar* energy IT IMPARTED MOTION TO EACH MASS¹ —a motion of rotation on its own axis and motion in an orbit. As *molecular* energy it IMPARTED a rapid vibratory, backwards and forwards MOTION to the molecules"² This Energy is, therefore, a highly convenient factor, for Evolutionary purposes, in cosmic dynamics. The only difficulty is that it is not only unknown to science, but is directly opposed to those laws on which physical science rests. The first of Newton's great laws is that a body at rest will continue at rest unless moved from outside, as it will, if in motion, continue in motion unless similarly stopped. But here is a power (Mr. Clodd will not allow us to call it a force) whereby a body moves itself, and he asks us to believe that if the moon does not fall upon the earth it is because this inherent³ energy holds it off, not because its orbital velocity is the resultant of the various attractive forces to which it has been subjected. Mr. Clodd's Energy is much of a piece with that to which Mr. John Morley has given countenance,⁴ and which Baron Holbach imagined.

"Motion," the Baron taught, "is a fashion of being which flows necessarily from the essence of matter." The doctrine thus stated does not need the authority of Newton to condemn it. A "tendency to move" is inconceivable without a definite direction in which that tendency lies. The tendency of a particle to move indefinitely in all directions is equivalent to a tendency to stop where it is, like a donkey between innumerable bundles of hay. And how is the particle to get from itself a preference for one direction over another, when all are, for its private purposes, one as good as another?

¹ The emphasis in these words is mine. The italics are the author's.

² P. 138.

³ Although energy is, on p. 13, stated to be not inherent in matter, yet, as on p. 137, energies *are* inherent, I conceive myself to be justified in using the term.

⁴ *Fortnightly Review*, August, 1878.

It must also be remembered that there are repulsive forces known to science, such as that of the magnet. But these are true forces, acting according to the laws of force, not according to those of energy; capable of generating energy, but constantly existent and active, not spent, like energy, in doing work. Such forces Mr. Clodd apparently finds so repulsive that he never mentions them; they are conspicuous by their absence from his tabular summary of forces and energies. Are they absent because he knows nothing about them? or because their presence would be inconvenient, as upsetting his rigid and definite definitions, of force as a pulling, and of energy as a pushing power? In either case it is a serious matter for an instructor to make such a mistake, who is so desperately anxious to teach everybody.¹

Thus, then, is evolutionist machinery manufactured, and the spectacle is not only an edifying one, but instructive too. If such wild attempts are made to fill the gap, it shows that there is a gap to be filled, and that the properties of matter do not suffice to fill it. Energy there must be, to be sure, somewhere, to account for the fact that the machine of the universe works, but science has availed to show that it cannot be the energy of material force alone. No tinkering with terms, no new and rigid definitions of meanings, will suffice to supply the void. With Mr. Herbert Spencer himself we are brought to the conclusion, that "Amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty, that we are ever in presence of an Infinite Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed."²

This brings us to the last point, which at present I propose to treat, and the most fundamental of all. What can we know beyond the objects of sense? Can we ascend from the seen to the unseen? Mr. Clodd is very positive that we can not, and that any attempt to do so violates the fundamental principles of right reason. His arguments on the subject are exactly represented by those of Professor Paul Darnley in Mr. Mallock's clever extravaganza.³ "He first proclaimed to his hearers the

¹ There is also another new wheel to the coach in the shape of electrical units, though what these may happen to be must be left to be gathered from Mr. Clodd's own note: "This concept of electrical units, which may be the equivalent of polarity of the atom, is here added merely as a convenient mode of envisaging a certain order of phenomena." (p. 17.)

² *Nineteenth Century*, January 1884, p. 12.

³ "Positivism on an Island, or, The new Paul and Virginia," *Contemporary Review*, April, 1870.

great primary axiom in which all modern thought roots itself. He told them that there was but one order of things, it was so much neater than two; and if we would be certain of anything, we must never doubt it. Thus, since countless things exist that the senses can take account of, it is evident that nothing exists that the senses cannot take account of. The senses can take no account of God; therefore God does not exist. Men of science can only see theology in a ridiculous light; therefore theology has no side that is not ridiculous." Similarly Mr. Clodd, on the ground that our senses can take no account of anything but the changes of matter, pronounces that to say there can be substance which is immaterial, is "the unverifiable assumption of dogmatic theology."¹ and, as he elsewhere declares that "a dogma learned is only a new error," it is plain that theology deals only with fable.

The province of our reason, in fact, comes to an end, he assures us, with the visible, the ponderable, and the measurable. "Beyond that barrier we cannot go. We can neither affirm nor deny; we can only confess ignorance."

But it is obvious that ignorance is just what he does not confess. There are indeed acknowledged gulfs of mystery in his way, but he knows all about what there is on either side of them, and across them into the bargain, of that "unbroken intercalation of things," which extends from end to end of the world's history; he knows, for he has told us, how worlds were formed; that the living differ from the non-living only in the mixing of its particles;² that man is identical, as to "the stuff of which he is made," with the meanest flower that blows; that there is nothing in him which is no part of the material contents of the universe, and no free will which lies outside the range of its causation;³ and that his mind is but a product of matter and material power, being nowise different in kind from the structureless jellies which are the lowest form of life,⁴ and to which he finds applicable the description by Scripture applied to the Almighty, "Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end."⁵ In a word, "Thought and emotion are as completely within the range of causation, and as capable of mechanical explanation, as material phenomena,"⁶ although language marks the impassable gulf between the mental capacity of man and every other animal."⁷

¹ P. 152.² P. 149.³ P. 206.⁴ P. 230.⁵ P. 158.⁶ P. 6.⁷ P. 215.

It thus appears that though the assumed limitations of our knowledge will serve, as well as any other stick, to beat the theological dog, they are altogether inoperative to control evolutionary dogmatism. But what is to be said as to the assumed limitation? Is it true that we can argue from the seen only to the visible? Do we violate any rule of reason in deducing an unseen cause from an observed effect, or the existence of that which is not subject to the laws of matter, from a study of those laws?

It is in the first place clear that no one does or can limit the province of his knowledge by the range of his senses, and that evolutionists do so least of all. To say nothing of that chimerical energy whereof we have heard, who has ever seen or felt or weighed force? We talk about gravitation, and assume its existence as a sort of axiom, yet what have we to show in proof of our belief? Simply the fact that bodies are observed to tend to come together, according to a law which nothing else we can imagine will explain. And it does not matter that the theory of gravitation is beset by such difficulties, as to make Sir John Herschel call it "the mystery of mysteries," and Faraday consider it an evident paradox. There are the facts, and they must have some explanation, and this explanation is at least less difficult than any other. So again of the luminiferous ether, Mr. Clodd's "ethereal medium," we have no proof whatever that there is such a thing, except the fact that there is such a thing as light, and that we can account in no other way for light being possible. And yet we are, for various reasons, compelled to attribute to this substance qualities which to the experience of our senses seem absolutely contradictory. It is so much thinner than the thinnest gas as to offer no resistance whatever to planets ploughing their way through it; yet is it not a gas, nor even a liquid, but a solid, at least as solid as a jelly.¹ Whence again, except from such process of reasoning from effect to cause, can we know anything about those potencies or potentialities of matter, in which good evolutionists so devoutly believe? How does Mr. Clodd know that his primordial nebulous stuff "held latent within its diffused vapours all that through work of man for good or ill, has composed the warp and the woof of this world's strange eventful story,"² or in plain English, man and all his works? He himself, in fact, tells us in many places that

¹ See Lord Grimthorpe's *Origin of the Laws of Nature*, p. 31. ² P. 5.

this is the method of argument on which science rests. Thus, for his cosmic dynamics, it is necessary, not only that atoms should be posited far apart, but that they should be posited irregularly, so as to provide different densities of matter. Why so? Because "on no other theory is its segregation into a multitude of bodies explicable."¹ So again the great theory of the conservation of energy "does not admit of demonstration, but justifies itself as the only tenable explanation of the several states and distribution of bodies in space."² And have we not been told, in terms as clear as those of the oracle at Delphi, that electrical units are but a concept, introduced as a convenient mode of envisaging phenomena?³

It is therefore plain that error lies not with him who argues from the sensible to what is beyond sense, but with him who argues wrongly, who professes to find a conclusion in premisses which do not contain it, or attributes effects to a cause which could not produce them. Mr. Clodd tells us⁴ that "'The Law of Parsimony' forbids us to invoke the operation of higher causes to account for effects which lower causes suffice to explain." But there is a still more stringent law telling us that every effect must have a sufficient cause, and that if a lower cause be insufficient, we are therefore compelled to admit a higher, even though that higher cause, in its own nature, be beyond the scope of our intellect. If material causes be inadequate to explain the effects we observe in matter, we are led by sheer necessity to the recognition of a cause which is not material. And that material causes are inadequate, as a basis for the philosophy of the universe, is just what science proves. When men knew less about matter and its laws, it was conceivable that they should attribute to matter the powers which were needed for the beginning of things, and imagine, the fire, or the wind, or the swift air, or the circle of the stars, or the great water, or the sun, or the moon,⁵ to be the ultimate rulers of the universe; though even long ago it was taken to be the part of wisdom bluntly to call such men fools. But now that physical science has been developed, we may say of such beliefs, as Mr. Clodd says of theology, that they were begotten of sheer ignorance. We know enough about the laws of matter to be able to say not only what it can do, but also what it cannot. We know its laws of motion, of crystallization, of chemical combination, sufficiently

¹ P. 141.² P. 140.³ P. 17.⁴ P. 149.⁵ Wisdom xiii. 2.

at least to be assured that it cannot break them, and to be able to foretell what it will inevitably do in given circumstances. We have in fact pried so far into its constitution as to know, not only what is there, but what is not there, and to be assured that it does not contain the First Cause.

To take an example. In an egg, which is the type of the physical origin of all animal life, not only do we not find any of those parts, muscle, nerve, or bone, which, in suitable conditions, are thence developed, but the microscope demonstrates their non-existence. Neither are they introduced from without. Yet in the egg they are bound to appear. We know exactly of what elements the egg-contents are composed, how much oxygen, how much hydrogen, how much nitrogen. We can blend them in those proportions accurately for ourselves; yet cannot all the powers of science make an egg that shall hatch so much as a tadpole.¹ It is evident that there is a something present which the science that deals with matter cannot detect, and this something is the real cause of the developments ensuing, and determines them in the definite directions they assume, "whether it is to be a mollusk, a frog, or a mammal, that is to be developed from apparently identical primitive cells."²

This problem is of course, according to his wont, airily solved by our evolutionist. "The answer obviously is that, *the ingredients being the same, the difference must lie in the mixing.*"³ But take the eggs of a hen and of a duck. The microscope shows that there is no difference in the mixing, that there is absolutely no distinction in their contents, whereof science can take account. Yet inevitably the potentiality of swimming and quacking lies dormant in the one, and of sparring and crowing in the other. Does not science teach us rather to say that the difference must lie in the Mixer?

Such, at any rate, is the conclusion of some philosophers who are not unworthy of the title of scientific men, and in whose

¹ "It is true that there are those who profess to foresee that the day will arrive when the chemist, by a succession of constructive efforts, may pass beyond albumen, and gather the elements of lifeless matter into a living structure. Whatever may be said of this from other standpoints, the chemist can only say that at present no such problem lies within his province. Protoplasm, with which the simplest manifestations of life are associated, is not a compound, but a structure built up of compounds. The chemist may successfully synthesise any of its component compounds, but he has no more reason to look forward to the synthetic production of the structure, than to imagine that the synthesis of gallic acid leads to the artificial production of gall-nuts." (Sir H. Roscoe. *Presidential Address, British Association, 1887.*)

² Mr. St. George Mivart.

³ P. 149. The italics are Mr. Clodd's.

company we need not be ashamed to stand, even in face of the cloud of witnesses whom evolutionists claim to produce.

"To treat of God," says Newton, "as a deduction from what we see, is a part of natural philosophy."¹ "The whole variety of created things could arise only from the design and the will of a Being existing of Himself."² This exact machinery of sun, planets, and comets, could not originate except from the plan and the power of an intelligent and mighty Being."³

But perhaps Newton's ideas are out of date and the scientific world has unanimously transferred its allegiance to Mr. Darwin and Mr. Spencer. Let us hear Professor Stokes, now President of the Royal Society. "The theory [of Darwin] has been accepted by many eminent biologists with a readiness that is puzzling to an outsider, especially one accustomed to the severe demands for evidence that are required in the physical sciences."⁴ "We have evidence in the commencement of life on earth, of the operation, in time, of a cause, which, for anything that we can see, or that appears probable, lies altogether outside the ken of science."⁵ "When we contemplate all this," the phenomena of light, "it seems difficult to understand how we can fail to be impressed with the evidence of design thus imparted to us. But design is altogether unmeaning without a designing mind. The study then of the phenomena of nature leads us to the contemplation of a Being from whom proceeded the orderly arrangement of natural things that we behold."⁶

Professors Stewart and Tait are likewise blankly unconscious of the limitations of our knowledge as formulated by Mr. Clodd. "We assume, as absolutely self-evident, the existence of a Deity, who is the Creator and Upholder of all things,"⁷ and Professor Tait throws in another remark which must not be omitted, "When the purposely vague statements of the materialists and agnostics, are stripped of the tinsel of high flown and unintelligible language, the eyes of the thoughtless, who have accepted them on authority, are at last opened, and they are

¹ "Hæc de Deo, de quo utique ex phaenomenis disserere, ad philosophiam naturalem pertinet." (*Principia. Scholium generale.*)

² "Tota rerum conditarum pro locis et temporibus diversitas, ab ideis et voluntate entis necessario existentis solummodo oriri potuit." (*Ibid.*)

³ "Elegantissima hæcce solis, planetarum et cometarum compages, non nisi consilio et dominio entis intelligentis et potentis oriri potuit."

⁴ *Address to the Derby Church Congress, 1882.*

⁵ *Burnett Lectures, p. 327.* ⁶ *Ibid. pp. 334-5.* ⁷ *The Unseen Universe, p. 47.*

ready to exclaim with Titania, 'Methinks, I was enamoured of an ass.'"¹

A like disregard for evolutionary canons of thought is displayed by Sir William Thomson, who has been such a sore trouble to evolutionists from Mr. Darwin himself onwards. He tells us that "Overpowering proofs of intelligence and benevolent design lie around us: showing to us through nature the influence of a free-will, and teaching us that all living beings depend upon one ever-acting Creator and Ruler."²

In the same sense speaks another President of the British Association, Sir William Siemens, "We find that all knowledge must lead up to one great result, that of an intelligent recognition of the Creator through His works."³

And a third President, Lord Rayleigh, is cruel enough to notice not only the argument which leads to this conclusion, but its opponents. "Many excellent people are afraid of science as tending towards materialism. That such apprehension should exist is not surprising, for unfortunately there are writers, speaking in the name of science, who have set themselves to foster it. It is true that amongst scientific men, as in other classes, crude views are to be met with as to the deeper things of nature; but that the life-long beliefs of Newton, of Faraday, and of Maxwell, are inconsistent with the scientific habit of mind, is surely a proposition which I need not pause to refute."

Sir John Herschell is another who has a right to bear witness on behalf of science, an authority whose opinion of the Darwinian theory its author was most anxious to know, and was bitterly disappointed to learn. At his hands the easy explanation of world formations, already presented to us, finds scant sympathy. This is his irreverent account of it:

"In the beginning was nebulous matter, or *Akasch*. Its boundless and tumultuous waves heaved in chaotic wildness, and all was oxygen, and hydrogen, and electricity. Such a state of things could not possibly continue; and as it could not possibly be worse, alteration was here synonymous with improvement."

"The relations in which atoms stand to one another are anything but simple ones. They involve all the 'ologies,' and all the 'ometries,' and in these days we know something of what that implies. Their movements and interchanges, their 'hates

¹ *Nature*, July 17, 1879.

² *Presidential Address*, 1882.

³ *Presidential Address*, 1884.

and loves,' their 'attractions and repulsions,' their 'correlations,' their what not, are all determined on the very instant. There is no hesitation, no blundering, no trial and error. A problem of dynamics that would drive Lagrange mad, is solved *instante*. *Solvitur ambulando*. A differential equation which, algebraically written out, would belt the earth, is integrated in an eye-twinkle; and all the numerical calculation worked out in a way to frighten Zerah Colburn, George Bidder, or Jedediah Buxton. In short, these atoms are most wonderful little creatures."

And he goes on: "*The presence of MIND* is what solves the whole difficulty: so far, at least, as it brings it within the sphere of our own consciousness, and into conformity with our own experience of *what action* is."¹

"Will without Motive, Power without Design, Thought opposed to Reason, would be admirable in explaining a chaos, but would render little aid in accounting for anything else."²

We must again determine to make an end somewhere, so these are a part, by no means the whole, of the testimonies that might be adduced. The voice with which they speak is that of common sense enlightened by science. We know better now-a-days than to fancy that Tenterden steeple can be the cause of the Goodwin Sands, and we ought to know better than to think that the attractions and affinities of oxygen and carbon can have produced Hamlet, or the Dresden Madonna, or the precept "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself;" and to know better, therefore, than to believe, that "All that is, from fire-fused rock to the genius of man, was wrapped up in primordial matter."³ I say we *ought*, for we have faculties to use them, and this conclusion is so natural to the human mind that there can be no excuse for missing it. Nothing can be got out of a sack, but what is in it, nor out of a nebula. If there now be in the world, goodness, beauty, and truth, they must have been from the beginning, and what we see in nature must be the manifestation of what has ever been. Therefore has it been said that the invisible things of the world are so manifested by the visible, as to make those inexcusable, who remain in ignorance concerning them.

What are we to say of those who in the interests of an otherwise unworkable theory, upset the fundamental laws of

¹ *Familiar Lectures*, pp. 457, 458. The italics, &c., are his. ² *Ibid.* p. 475.

³ P. 137.

science, and, wrapping up crude notions, and baseless speculations, in the tinsel of high-flown and unintelligible language, scatter it among the young and the ignorant, who can learn from it only one clear doctrine, that there is no such thing as right or wrong; that morals are a convention, relative not absolute;¹ that where there is no society there can be no sin;² that, consequently, what society condones ceases to be sin, and that, among ourselves, seduction is in that case?³ How is the passion of youth likely to interpret Mr. Clodd's jubilant pæan, "What dead weight of care do morals thus regarded lift from the heart of man?"⁴

"These be thy gods, O Israel!" It is of vapid and vapouring stuff like this that the idol is constructed, which we are bidden to fall down and worship, to the tune of the trumpet and the cornet and the flute, of the sackbut and the psaltery and the symphony, and all kinds of wind instruments, assiduously puffed by those, whose assumption to speak in her name, as Lord Rayleigh has told us, is a misfortune for science. Unhappily a cuckoo-cry is easily caught up, and becomes effective by its mere repetition, like that of the bird itself,

Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer Nay.

But whether the creed, as we have seen it presented, have any shred of science to recommend it, readers will judge for themselves.

¹ P. 220. ² P. 218.

³ P. 220. It is impossible to get any other meaning out of Mr. Clodd's words.

⁴ P. 222.

Chinese policy in Tibet.

A WRITER in a recent periodical, speaking of the unsettled state of the Empire of Morocco and the general attention of which it has lately become the object, says that the day for closed kingdoms is past, and that it will be necessary for the Moorish Government to abandon the solitary position which they have hitherto held among the nations of the earth. There is, however, an instance of an isolation far more jealously guarded to be met with in the very heart of Asia and in close proximity to our Indian possessions, namely, the country of Tibet, the kingdom of the Dalai-Lama, and the Holy Land of Buddhism.

Occupying the great highland region of Central Asia, and situated at an average height of fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, the country of Tibet consists in great part of immense ranges of gigantic snow-clad mountains, separated by rugged and precipitous ravines, or enclosing grassy plains which frequently contain enormous sheets of fresh or saline water. Here and there in favourable situations are a few scattered patches of wheat or barley, but the country is bleak and bare, and almost entirely denuded of forest trees. In the uninhabited portions large herds of wild asses, antelopes, and the great sheep called the argali, which stands as high as a calf and bears enormous horns, serve to relieve the monotony of the landscape. The wealth of the thinly scattered inhabitants consists chiefly in their yaks (the long-haired ox of the country), their goats and their sheep, with which they move about from pasture to pasture. There are few birds in the country, save the wild fowl which frequent the lakes and marshes, and the birds of prey which feed on the carcases of the sheep and cattle, and on the bodies of the abandoned dead; for the Tibetans usually expose their dead, with the exception of the lamas whose bodies are consumed by fire, and those who die of infectious diseases, whose remains are committed to the earth. It is from

the great Tibetan plateau, that most of the principal rivers of Asia take their rise. The Hoang-ho and the Yang-tse-Kiang, which traverse the vast Empire of China, the Brahmaputra and the Indus, which find their outlets on the eastern and western shores of India, all trace their head waters to the mountains of Tibet.

It is not, however, the sterility of the country, the sparseness and poverty of its inhabitants, and the inaccessible nature of its mountain fastnesses, that have been the means of preserving its isolation among the nations of Asia, so much as the watchful jealousy of its neighbour and acknowledged suzerain, the Empire of China. Whether it be from the inbred spirit of exclusiveness that has ever marked the policy of the Mantchu dynasty, or from the fear of territorial aggression, or from a selfish desire to monopolize the direction of Tibetan commerce, or what is more probable from all these causes combined, the Chinese Government has for some centuries past set its face resolutely against the admission of European explorers, missionaries, or merchants into the kingdom of the Grand Lama. The latter, though possessing a nominal independence is, in fact, the creature of the Chinese Emperor, who through him exercises a mighty influence, not only over the population of Tibet, but also over the many millions of Tartars, Chinese, and other races, who acknowledge the Dalai Lama as the Incarnate Buddha and the Sovereign Pontiff of their cherished creed. It was, indeed, a supreme stroke of policy on the part of Chouen-tché, the first Mantchu Emperor, to confer the kingdom of Tibet, which had lately (A.D. 1640) fallen beneath his victorious arms, on the Dalai Lama in gratitude, as he said, for his having predicted to him the success of his expedition against the Chinese Empire. For he well knew that the spiritual influence of the venerated Pontiff would be of more avail in preserving the fruits of his conquest than any number of armed troops or fortified citadels.

Under the famous Emperor Kang-hi, the successor of Chouen-tché, a reaction took place in Tibet directed against the interference of the Chinese in the internal affairs of the nation, and the "Son of Heaven" saw himself obliged to undertake a second conquest of the country. He entrusted the management of the expedition to his general Yo-kong-yé, who setting out from Se-tchuen at the head of eight hundred men, penetrated with his victorious troops to the city of Lhasa, and there imposed upon the vanquished Tibetans terms of peace and a

form of government, designed with the express purpose of perpetuating Chinese influence in the country. It was in A.D. 1720 that these arrangements were finally concluded, and the Tibetan Government established on a basis which has subsisted with slight occasional variations to the present day.

Under the system thenceforth adopted, the Dalai Lama was relieved from the cares of civil government, and considered to delegate this portion of his authority to a temporal regent bearing the title of Nomen-Khan.¹ This potentate is assisted in his labours by four ministers called Kahlons, who in turn have under their direction sixteen superior mandarins. Of the latter, four are charged with the civil and four with the military affairs of the kingdom; while the remaining eight are divided between the management of the finance and the administration of justice. These functionaries are all supposed to be natives of the country.

In this organization there is at first sight an appearance of national independence, but on examining the matter closely, we are quickly undeceived. The Dalai Lama himself, whose pretended divinity would seem to elevate him to a sphere far above all human control, must be chosen out of three candidates by the Chinese Ambassador, and invested with a formal diploma signed by the Emperor. The Regent, likewise the Kahlons, and the sixteen superior mandarins, are incapable of exercising their respective charges without a similar document, and are removable at the Emperor's pleasure. In urgent cases the Chinese Ambassador does not show any hesitation in getting rid of a Regent or Kahlon who has displeased him, nor does such an arbitrary proceeding usually meet with any remonstrance on the part of the native Government, a circumstance easily explained by the fact that all the authorities, from the Dalai Lama downwards, receive an annual pension from the Chinese Emperor. It is the latter likewise who furnishes the Tibetan ministers with the official seal with which all public documents are impressed, and who decorates the native mandarins with the various coloured globules which are the distinguishing mark of Chinese functionaries. Finally, to put a seal to the whole, the Tibetans are bound, in spite of the many difficulties and dangers

¹ It is reported by one of the secret agents of the Indian Government that in consequence of a revolution which took place at Lhasa A.D. 1872, the office of Regent has been abolished, the spiritual and temporal power being again united in the Dalai Lama.

of the route, to send an embassy to Peking every three years to render homage to the "Son of Heaven," and offer him a valuable tribute.

To preserve a still tighter hold of the reins of Government, the Chinese Emperor is represented at Lhasa by two ambassadors, bearing the title of Kin-tchay or honourable legate. Upon the arrival of a fresh Kin-tchay (they are relieved every three years), the Kahlons and mandarins are expected to receive him at the distance of a day's journey from the capital. Even the Regent has to go out many miles to bid him welcome, and after prostrating before him, he escorts him with every mark of honour to the palace prepared for him. Moreover, on the first and fifteenth days of the month he is expected to pay him a visit of compliment, which the ambassador, who is often only an inferior mandarin, or a disgraced official banished to the barbarous land of Tibet for some misconduct, does not take the trouble to return. Nor is the Regent permitted to communicate directly with the Chinese Emperor, but must send his messages through the medium of the Kin-tchay, the answer being returned through the same channel. Such is the abject condition to which the native Government has been reduced under the Chinese yoke, a condition which has long ceased to afford matter of surprise and rarely gives birth to any outward mark of dissatisfaction.

The same system of subservience to China which exists in the capital prevails throughout the provinces. Of these, four of the largest and several lesser districts, forming together almost one half of the whole area of the country, are absolutely independent of the Tibetan Government, and under the direct control of the Chinese Ambassadors at Lhasa. Everywhere, side by side with the native mandarins, are Chinese officials, who hold the chief authority, and claim the greatest marks of respect and prompt obedience from their Tibetan colleagues. The standing army, too, is composed of Chinese soldiers, who receive a portion of their pay from the Viceroy of Se-tchouen. It consists of about four thousand men, who are stationed principally along the great route leading from the Chinese frontier to the borders of Nepal and perform the postal service. They are also distributed as garrisons in the principal towns and fortresses, being supplemented by a native contingent which is attached to the various posts and placed under the direction of a Chinese mandarin.

Exercising in these different ways an all-pervading influence in Tibetan affairs, the Imperial Government is easily able to keep in its hands the entire control of the political and commercial relations of the country. To ensure the permanence of its position, it has laboured with unwearied care and, it must be admitted, with extraordinary success to bar the entrance of Tibet to all Europeans, no matter what might be the object or circumstances of their enterprise. To accomplish this purpose, it has adopted an elaborate system of espionage, petty subterfuges, cleverly created obstacles, and dextrous evasions. These failing, it has never hesitated to have recourse to violence, applied however by secondary and subordinate agents, who could be disowned at will and with every profession of virtuous indignation. In this manner the traveller, though furnished with the most ample passports, could at any period of his journey to Lhasa be delayed and compelled by the most vexatious obstacles, or even if necessary by the application of force, to retrace his steps without accomplishing the object of his journey. Thus, in fact, the free right of circulation through the provinces of the Empire, often guaranteed in national treaties, has, as far as Tibet is concerned, ever remained a dead letter, and this, it is strange to say, without exciting any determined protest on the part of the injured nations.

The history of the generous efforts, made by so many Catholic missionaries during the last half century to carry the light of the Gospel into this heathen land, affords a practical illustration of the Chinese tactics. No sooner do the Fathers, buoyant with hope and trusting to the high flown passports granted to them by the Imperial Minister at the instance of the French Ambassador, cross the frontier, than their troubles begin, troubles which accumulate at each step of their advance on the road to the capital. In one place they are delayed on the most trivial pretexts, at another they are boycotted in the way of food and lodging, in another again the passions of the populace and the religious fanaticism of the lamas are aroused against them, and if, with their usual indomitable energy supported by their trust in Divine Providence, they still press on, it is easy, when they reach a lonely district, to connive at their being set upon, robbed, maltreated and even massacred by local brigands. Nor, is the entrance to Tibet on the side of India beset with fewer difficulties, for there too Chinese influence is very powerful and the savage border tribes are easily aroused to deeds of blood.

In one direction only has a successful effort been made by our missionaries in modern times to penetrate to Lhasa, namely, from the north, whence two Lazarist Fathers, Huc and Gabet, starting from their Mongolian Mission at Si-wang, were able, after a long and tedious journey during which they endured almost incredible hardships, to reach the city of the Dalai Lama, January 29, 1846. They were not, however, suffered to enjoy for any length of time the fruits of their laborious enterprises. Upon hearing of their arrival, the jealous suspicions of the Chinese Ambassador were at once aroused, and after three months' residence at the capital, in spite of the generous interference of the Tibetan Regent in their behalf, they found themselves obliged to relinquish their undertaking, and were deported in an honourable captivity and at the Emperor's expense to the city of Canton, where they were given up to the representative of France. Of this journey to Tibet and their abode at Lhasa, Father Huc has left us a charming history, which reads like a romance, but is replete with the most important information respecting the religion, manners, and history of this comparatively unknown people.¹ Since that time, in spite of numerous efforts and lavish sacrifices both of men and means, no missionary has ever again beheld the walls of Lhasa, and though a few precarious settlements have been formed among Tibetan tribes subject to the rule of China on the Eastern frontier, the Church cannot be said, after half a century of unceasing efforts, to possess a single establishment within the confines of Tibet Proper.

But if the efforts of our devoted, though poverty-stricken, missionaries have failed to break down the barrier of isolation erected by Chinese jealousy around this mysterious land, it is likewise true that other European travellers, though favoured in their enterprise by the most propitious circumstances and possessing unlimited resources, have been equally baffled. Among Englishmen we read but of a single traveller who has ever succeeded in penetrating to the Tibetan capital. This was Thomas Manning, the son of a Norfolk clergyman, who was born in A.D. 1772, and passed a distinguished career at the University of Cambridge, where he formed an intimate friendship with that clever and amiable essayist, Charles Lamb. Being seized with an ardent desire to travel through China, Manning commenced

¹ *Huc's Travels in Tartary, Tibet, and China.* Illustrated. London: Office of the National Illustrated Library, 227, Strand.

the study of the language with the aid of a Chinese interpreter. His friend Lamb strove hard to divert him from his adventurous expedition. On February 19, 1803, he writes to beg him to get the idea of visiting the land of Tartary out of his mind. He tells him that it was the reading of Chaucer with all his foolish stories of Cambuscan, and the ring, and the horse of brass, which had misled him. "Believe me," he continues, "there are no such things. 'Tis all the poet's invention. A horse of brass never flew and the king's daughter never talked with birds. These are all tales. Pray try and cure yourself. Take hellebore. Pray to avoid the fiend. Read no more books of voyages, they are nothing but lies."

Probably Manning did not try the specifics recommended by his friend. At any rate he continued firm in his resolve, and in A.D. 1806 we find Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society, writing to the chairman of the court of Indian Directors, to explain the object of Manning's undertaking, and solicit their countenance and support. Thus strongly recommended, Thomas Manning went out to Canton in one of the Company's ships, and took up his abode at the English factory, where he applied himself with unwearied zeal to the study of Chinese literature. His friend, Charles Lamb, still continued to correspond with him, and persisted in his humorous efforts to divert him from his enterprise. Years after, when Manning had returned from Tibet to Canton, he writes to him again: "Still in China! Down with idols—Ching-Chang-fo and all his foolish priesthood. Come out of Babylon, O my friend."

Finding it impossible to penetrate into China from the port of Canton on account of the extreme suspicion with which the residents of the English factory were regarded, Manning determined to make an effort to reach Peking from Calcutta by the circuitous route of Lhasa and Tibet. Having procured a letter of recommendation from the Select Committee at Canton to Lord Minto, the Governor-General of India, he set sail to Calcutta, and there assumed the character of a Tartar physician, a measure which greatly contributed to the partial success of his expedition. Unfortunately, in spite of the promise of Lord Minto to the Directors at Canton that he would afford him every practicable assistance, Manning did not succeed in getting any recognition from Government with the exception of an ordinary passport, a circumstance which not only diminished his prospect of success but served also greatly to embitter his mind. For at

this time the enlightened policy of Warren Hastings, who was glad to avail himself of every means of opening out communications between India and Tibet, had been quite lost sight of, and a system of abstention adopted in its place. Thus it was that Thomas Manning was permitted to start on his laborious enterprise without official recognition, and a valuable opportunity was thrown away through sheer apathy and indifference.

Those who are familiar with the geography of British India, are aware that at one point only does our territory lie absolutely contiguous to the confines of Tibet, namely, in the little territory of Sikkim, the seat of the present border war. At the time when Manning commenced his adventurous journey, we had not yet acquired the rights in that country which we at present hold, but strangely enough this was the very spot at which the only Englishmen who have penetrated any distance into Tibet (Boyle and Hamilton, A.D. 1774, Captain Samuel Turner and his companions, A.D. 1783, and Thomas Manning, A.D. 1811), were able to pass the frontier. At that time, in order to reach the Chumbi passes, it was usual in coming from Bengal to traverse the kingdom of Bhutan, which stretches along the borders of Tibet on the east of Sikkim, while on the opposite side of the same tiny state, still following the Tibetan frontier, lies the kingdom of Nepal. These three states, namely, Nepal to the west, Bhutan to the east, and Sikkim between the two, occupy the advanced range of the Himalayan mountains and separate British India from Tibetan territory.

Starting from Bengal about the beginning of September in company with a Chinese *munshi* or interpreter, Manning arrived on the 21st of the same month at Parijong, the frontier post of Tibet, where he was called upon to deliver his passport to the Chinese officials. Here he was informed that it would be necessary for him to remain until reference had been made to Lhasa, and instructions had been received in his regard. Indeed it is very probable that his journey would have here terminated abruptly had he not been fortunate enough to fall in with an amiable Chinese military mandarin, who was returning from his post to Giansu, an important town about half way on the road to Lhasa. Having succeeded in rendering some medical services to the soldiers under his charge, Manning obtained permission from this Chinese General to travel in his company, without awaiting a formal permission from the Government. After some stay at Giansu, where he continued to play the rôle of a physician

with considerable success, he pressed on to Lhasa, and arrived safely towards the close of the year. Unfortunately the greater portion of Mr. Manning's journal is occupied with trivialities, such as the insolence of servants, neglect of officials, hardships of the route, &c. He gives us little information respecting the nature of the country, the various objects of interest, or the manners and customs of the inhabitants. His meagre journal is a striking contrast to the exhaustive and entertaining recital of Father Huc. The following are his first impressions of the far famed Buddha-La, the sacred mountain crowned with the gilded palace of the Dalai Lama, and of the Holy City of Lhasa, on which an Englishman now for the first time set eyes.

The palace of the Grand Lama now presented itself to our view. As we approached, I perceived that under the palace on one side lay a considerable extent of marshy land. This brought to my mind the Pope, Rome, and what I had read of the Pontine Marshes. We passed under a large gateway, whose gilded ornaments were so ill-fixed, that some leaned one way and some another, and reduced the whole to the rock appearance of castles and turrets in pastry work. The road here as it winds past the palace is royally broad; it is level and free from stones, and combined with the view of the lofty towering palace, which forms a majestic mountain of building, has a magnificent effect. The road about the palace swarmed with monks, its nooks and angles with beggars, lounging and basking in the sun. This reminded me of what I had heard of Rome. As a whole it seemed perfect enough, but I could not comprehend its plan in detail. Fifteen or twenty minutes now brought us to the entrance of the town of Lhasa.

If the palace had exceeded my anticipations, the town as far fell short of them. There is nothing striking, nothing pleasing in its appearance. The habitations are begrimed with smut and dirt; the avenues are full of dogs, some growling and gnawing bits of hide which lie about in profusion, and emit a charnel-house smell, others limping and looking livid, others ulcerated, others starved and dying and pecked at by the ravens, some dead and preyed upon. In short, everything seems mean and gloomy, and excites the idea of something unreal. Even the mirth and laughter of the inhabitants I thought dreamy and ghostly.¹

Compare this description of the capital of Buddhism with that of the cheery-hearted missionary, Father Huc.

¹ See Bogle's *Mission to Tibet*, &c. Edited by Clement R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S., London: Trübner and Co., 1876. In this interesting work, Manning's fragmentary journal is published for the first time, never having been prepared for publication by the author, which will account for many deficiencies.

As soon as we were settled in our new abode, we occupied ourselves with inspecting the capital of Tibet and its population. It is not surrounded like the Chinese towns with ramparts. Around the suburbs, however, are a great number of gardens, the large trees of which form for the town a magnificent wall of verdure. The principal streets of Lhasa are broad, well laid out, and tolerably clean, at least, when it does not rain; but the suburbs are revoltingly filthy. The houses are in general large, lofty, and handsome; they are built some with brick, some with stone, and some with mud: but they are all so elaborately covered with lime-wash that you can distinguish externally no difference in the material. In one of the suburban districts there is a locality where the houses are built with the horns of oxen and sheep. These singular constructions are of extreme solidity, and look very well. The horns of the oxen being smooth and white, and those of the sheep rough and black, these materials are susceptible of infinite combinations, and are arranged accordingly in all sorts of fantastic designs; the interstices are filled up with mortar. These houses are the only buildings which are not lime-washed, the Tibetans having taste enough to leave the materials in their natural aspect without seeking to improve upon their wild and fantastic beauty.¹

But the crowning glory of the holy city is the Buddha-la (Mountain of Buddha), a rocky and conical mountain which arises from the midst of the valley like an islet above an immense lake. On this spacious foundation prepared by Nature is erected the magnificent palace of the Dalai Lama, in which he, the living Buddha, resides incarnate. This palace consists of a group of several temples of different sizes and of varied beauty. The central one is four storeys high, and commands the others. It terminates in a dome entirely covered with gilded plates, and is surrounded by a spacious peristyle of columns, which are likewise gilt. It is here that the Dalai Lama has fixed his residence, and from the top of his elevated sanctuary he can contemplate on great solemnities his countless adorers in the plain below, coming to prostrate themselves at the foot of the sacred mountain. The other temples serve as residences for a crowd of lamas, who are continually occupied in the service of the living Buddha. Two handsome avenues, lined with large trees, lead from the city to the Buddha-la, and here may be seen at all times numbers of foreign pilgrims passing the beads of their rosaries through their hands, while numerous lamas, richly clad, mounted on horses gorgeously caparisoned, ride backwards and forwards, to and from the Court of the sacred monarch. In the midst of the general activity all are grave and silent—religious thoughts appear to engross the soul.²

During Manning's stay at Lhasa, which seems to have lasted about five months, he was under the constant appre-

¹ *Huc's Travels in Tartary, Tibet, and China*, ii. 139.

² *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, A.D. 1849, January Number.

hension of being recognized by the Chinese Ambassador, who had formerly held office at Canton. Although he escaped this danger, owing as he thought to the Mandarin's short-sightedness, it is probable that his nationality gradually oozed out, for he was surrounded by spies who endeavoured to elicit from his Chinese interpreter every particular regarding the mysterious stranger. Meanwhile he continued to exercise the profession of a physician, which secured him many friends, both among the Chinese officials and Tibetan residents. Apart from this source of influence, and though endowed with great powers of endurance and indomitable perseverance, he had not the tact or winning qualities which would have enabled him to steer his way successfully through the difficulties which surrounded him. Among other things he gave great offence to the Chinese, who are the real masters of the country, by his uncompromising persistence in rendering to the Tibetan mandarins the same mark of respect as to the Chinese officials. To add to his other difficulties, his remittances from Calcutta failed him, and though he received occasional fees and presents from his more wealthy patients, his circumstances became greatly embarrassed. In this dilemma he was obliged to dispose of a portion of his effects, and of such clothing as was not required for present use. When about to pay a visit of compliment to the Dalai Lama, he was greatly at a loss to find presents worthy of so great a potentate. At length he furbished up two brass candlesticks belonging to the East India Company, which had travelled with him from Canton, having found their way into his baggage by mistake. To make a greater show, he placed in them a couple of wax candles, and with a few silver dollars, which he had brought with him for galvanic experiments, a couple of bottles of lavender-water, and a packet of Nankin tea, he took his way to Buddha-la. His account of his visit is one of the most interesting passages of his meagre journal.

The Ti-mu-fu¹ was in the hall with the Grand Lama, which occasioned me some confusion. I did not know how much ceremony to go through with one before I began with the other. I made the due obeisance, touching the ground three times with my head to the Grand Lama and once to the Ti-mu-fu. While I was *ketesing*, the awkward servants contrived to let fall and break the bottle of lavender-water intended for the Ti-mu-fu. Of course I seemed not to observe it, though the odoriferous stream flowed close to me, and I could not help

¹ The Regent or *Nomenkhan* of M Huc.

seeing it with the corner of my eye. Having delivered the scarf (containing the silver dollars) to the Grand Lama, I took off my hat, and humbly gave him my clean-shaved head to lay his hands upon. The ceremony of presentation being over, Munshi and I sat down on two cushions not far from the Lama's throne, and had *suchi* brought us. It was most excellent, and I meant to have mended my draught and emptied the cup, but it was whipped away suddenly before I was aware of it. The Lama's beautiful and interesting face and manner engrossed almost all my attention. He was at that time about seven years old, and had the simple and unaffected manners of a princely child. His face was, I thought, poetically and affectingly beautiful. He was of a gay and cheerful disposition; his beautiful mouth perpetually unbending into a graceful smile, which illuminated his whole countenance. No doubt my grim beard and spectacles excited his risibility.

We had not been seated long before he put questions to us, which we rose to receive and answer. He addressed himself in the Tibetan tongue to the Chinese interpreter; the Chinese interpreter to my Munshi, my Munshi to me in Latin. I gave answer in Latin, which was converted and carried back in the same manner. I had been long accustomed to speak Latin with my Munshi; there was no sentiment or shade of sentiment we could not exchange. The Lama put the usual questions of urbanity. He inquired whether I had not met with molestations and difficulties on the road. I said I had had troubles, but now that I had the happiness of being in his presence, they were amply compensated, I thought of them no more. I could see that this answer pleased both the Lama and his household people. They thus found that I was not a mere rustic, but had some tincture of civility in me.

I was extremely affected by this interview with the Lama. I could have wept through strangeness of sensation: I was absorbed in reflections when I got home. I strove to draw the Lama, and though very unexpert with the pencil, I produced a beautiful face; but it did not satisfy me. I drew another, which I could not make handsome, yet there was in some respects a likeness which the other wanted.¹

One of the conjectures formed by the authorities respecting the mysterious stranger, was that he might be a Catholic missionary in disguise. If they had had the opportunity of perusing his daily journal, they might have spared themselves any anxiety on that head. However, he deemed it necessary to disarm their suspicions, and for this purpose visited the Buddhist temples, and made his obeisance (*ketese*) to the principal images, a reverence which, he adds, "was practised by the Chinese mandarins as a matter of course, and pledged them to nothing." The Munshi's conscience (he was a Catholic) was not so elastic.

¹ Bogle's *Mission to Tibet*, &c., p. 265.

He declared positively that he would not accompany his employer, or reverence the Buddhist saints, even if they were to kill him for it. The effect of Manning's compliance must have been somewhat weakened by his subsequent behaviour in the sacred edifice ; for, falling into a passion with his attendant, he scolded him so severely, that some who had come for their devotions "laughed, and others stared." Moreover, on visiting another temple the following day, he neglected to make his *ketese*, which, he tells us, excited afresh the suspicions of the Chinese.

In the meantime a formal report having been made to the Emperor respecting the two strangers from Calcutta who had made their appearance at Lhasa, a rumour became current that severe measures were about to be taken both with Manning and the Chinese interpreter, who was looked upon as his aider and abettor. These alarming reports at length reached the ears of the English traveller, who began to give way to the most gloomy apprehensions. In his journal he moralizes on his probable feelings when standing before the judge, surrounded by all the terrible apparatus of a Chinese tribunal. What were the precise terms of the Emperor's answer he does not tell us, but it is evident that he was obliged to quit Lhasa abruptly, returning by the way he came, and leaving his Munshi behind him.

In a private letter to Dr. Marshman he says that the Emperor of China sent for his head, but as he preferred to keep it on his own shoulders, he was obliged to abandon the object of his journey and return to Calcutta. Upon his arrival there, he refused to give any information respecting his journey to Tibet, so greatly was he mortified at the way in which he had been treated by the Indian Government. In fact, his journal has only been brought to light within the last few years. It will be interesting to the reader to know that, some years after his return to India, Manning succeeded in carrying into effect his long-cherished project of visiting Peking, being attached to the Embassy of Lord Amherst, A.D. 1817, in the capacity of interpreter.

Although Thomas Manning is the only Englishman who can claim the honour of having visited Lhasa and paid his respects to the Dalai Lama, he is not the only one who has succeeded in penetrating into the interior of Tibet and becoming personally acquainted with the religion, manners, and character of the people. The missions of George Bogle (A.D. 1774) and Captain

Samuel Turner (A.D. 1782) to the Teshu Lama, the Buddhist Pontiff of Shigatze, were to a certain extent successful, though after-events prevented the realization of the main object to which they were directed. This was the renewal of commercial intercourse between India and Tibet, a matter which the enlightened Governor-General, Warren Hastings, had greatly at heart, and which he had sought to promote by the establishment of an annual fair at Rangpur, on the borders of the British territory. The partial advantages gained by these negotiations were afterwards lost by the apathy of his successors, and a few years later the frontier passes became hermetically sealed to travellers from India by the policy of the Chinese, who, having come to the succour of the Tibetans in a war with the Nepalese, took the opportunity of strengthening their border garrisons, erecting fresh fortifications, and prohibiting all intercourse with the British provinces. Since that time the relations of the two countries have continued practically unaltered, the Indian Government quietly acquiescing in this policy of isolation, for fear of giving umbrage to the Court of Peking. On one occasion, indeed, we find a public protest raised on the part of England against this national boycotting, namely, at the signing of the Che-fou Convention (A.D. 1876), in which an article was inserted by Sir Thomas Wade, stipulating that the Viceroy of India should have the right of sending an embassy to the Court of Lhasa. But it was never carried into effect; and when after many years' delay a mission was already organized and on the point of setting out from Darjiling (A.D. 1885), it was suddenly abandoned, for fear of wounding the susceptibilities of the Chinese Government, with which we were at that time in negotiation on the affairs of Burmah.

It must not be supposed, however, that the English are the only nation who are jealously excluded from the capital, and as far as possible, from the soil of Tibet. Colonel Prjevolzky, a celebrated Russian traveller, though he has been able to explore with some success the northern portion of the country, has already failed in his sixth attempt to penetrate to Lhasa. Another eminent explorer, the Hungarian Count Szechenyi, started from China with the same intention under what would appear the most favourable conditions possible. Armed with the most ample passports and commendatory letters from the authorities at Peking, and attended by an official guard of fifty soldiers and several mandarins, he set out full of confidence on the great road from Peking to Lhasa, which is continually tra-

versed by the Imperial couriers. His public recognition by the Government and imposing escort would, he felt certain, remove all difficulties from his path. A friend, better acquainted with the inventions of Chinese duplicity, whispered to him that it was all a make-believe, and that he would never be allowed to penetrate to Lhasa. At first he scouted the idea, but he was soon convinced, to his cost, that it was perfectly well founded. The bestowal by the Government at Peking of passports, special letters, a guard of honour, and mandarins-in-waiting, did not prevent the same authorities from sending other letters in advance, instructing the Tibetan officials at the frontier on no account to permit his entrance into the country. The failure of his expedition was of course attributed at Peking to the suspicious jealousy of the Tibetan barbarians. In the same manner, at the very moment when Sir Thomas Wade was signing the Convention with China, which stipulated for perfect liberty of circulation through all the territories of the Empire, two Special Commissioners were despatched by the Chinese Government to the frontier posts, ordering them to be guarded with all vigilance, to prevent the entrance of any travellers from the side of India.

Meanwhile, in spite of the persistent and hitherto successful efforts of China to preserve the isolation of their Tibetan dependency, affairs have of late years been advancing in a direction which seems to augur a different state of things in the not far distant future. Slowly but steadily has the Indian Government been extending its boundaries, or at any rate its prestige, to the very borders of Tibetan territory. Bhutan and Nepal, the two great border states, are more or less amenable to British influence, and the cession of a portion of the little state of Sikkim and the protectorate which we exercise over the remainder, has brought our Indian territory into direct contact with Tibet. The flourishing town of Darjiling, the sanatorium of Bengal, which is situated on the slopes of the Himalayas, is but a very short distance from the Tibetan passes, with which it is connected by a new and direct road. Indeed, at the present moment our troops are actually in possession of the whole of Sikkim in consequence of the refusal of the Rajah to fulfil his engagements to the Indian Government, from which he receives an annual pension of £1,200. The cause of his refusal is to be traced to his divided allegiance, for he is also a pensioner of the Dalai Lama, and does homage to him for a portion of his dominions which lie in the Chumbi Valley, a dependency of

Tibet. Here too is situated his summer palace, where he has resided for some years contrary to the express stipulation that he should spend a portion of the year in his winter palace at Tumlong, the Sikkim capital. His continual evasions of this engagement, the incursions of armed Tibetan marauders into British territory, and the erection of a fresh border fort by the Tibetans on the direct road to Darjiling, were the immediate causes of the present war, the operations of which have lately been interrupted by the approach of winter. The result of the summer campaign has been the complete overthrow and dispersion of the Tibetan forces and the flight of the Rajah into the interior. Meanwhile, the main body of the British troops under Colonel Graham have returned from the Chumbi Valley and gone into winter quarters, leaving a garrison at Gnatong, where the necessary fortifications have been erected among the hills, close to the frontier and at a height of 12,600 feet above the level of the sea. It is announced that at the approach of spring a Chinese Commissioner will be sent from Lhasa to adjust the terms of agreement, and it is to be hoped that every effort will be made by the Indian Government to secure for the future a free entrance into the Chumbi Valley, through which lies the high-road from Darjiling to Lhasa.

While awaiting the moment when the barriers, erected by Chinese jealousy between the two countries, shall at length fall to the ground, the Indian Government is doing its utmost by means of secret agents to obtain full and trustworthy information regarding Tibet, and especially an accurate geographical survey of the country. This management of this department was entrusted some twenty-five years ago to Colonel Montgomerie, who has organized a system of exploration by Hindoos specially trained and qualified for the purpose. These secret explorers, known only in the Government reports by letters or numbers, have already made several journeys through the land of Tibet and have penetrated on two occasions to Lhasa. In these expeditions they have collected an immense amount of valuable information, a portion of which has been already published and the remainder laid up for future use in the Indian archives.

This history of the many heroic efforts made by our missionaries to obtain an entrance into the country, of their partial successes, their frequent discomfitures, and their present prospects, must be reserved for relation in a future number of
THE MONTH.

The Age of the Sun and Darwinism.

Ex nihilo nihil fit; said the schoolmen. "The sum total of the energy of any material system is a constant quantity, unalterable by any action between the different parts of the system, but capable of transformation into any of the forms of which energy is susceptible," is the doctrine of the Conservation of Energy as enunciated by modern science. If the stream run dry, the mill will stop; if the supply of coal cease, the fire will go out. If, then, the heat-energy which is being poured forth from every square yard of the sun's surface be equivalent, so we are told, to that of an engine of 108,000 horse-power, or to the combined horse-power of the engines of eleven first class ironclads, whence comes the requisite fuel? For perpetual motion, or the working of any machine without a transformation of energy is impossible. Three ways have been suggested, by which it is conceivable that the solar fires may be maintained; and each necessarily involves, and is intimately bound up with the question of the age of the sun. And the theories concerning the age of the sun, have, too, a very close connection with those other theories, which demand the evolution of all living things from primeval germs by means of Natural Selection. In the present paper we propose to examine the hypotheses concerning the maintenance of the heat of the sun, and to show the bearing of that which is generally accepted among astronomers, upon the biological theory of Natural Selection.

A hot ball of any substance would by its radiations furnish heat to surrounding bodies, until such time as a state of thermal equilibrium had been attained among them. Is the sun such a ball of fire, which radiating heat into space, is itself gradually cooling? Being so vast, containing as it does, a quantity of matter equal to 330,000 times more or less the mass of the earth, it might naturally seem on first thoughts, that the cooling of so large a body would be amply sufficient to account for the never ceasing stores of heat, poured forth for ages into inter-planetary

space. But such cannot be the case, for were the sun a ball of solid coal, burning under the most favourable circumstances of combustion in pure oxygen, it would burn itself out in six thousand years. If, then, there be reckoned in round numbers 4000 years of chronological time before the Christian era, and 1800 since, the end of the supplies of heat and light to our globe would be very near indeed. And again, as the sun cooled, the temperature of the earth would have continually fallen, and of any such lowering of temperature we have no record within the memory of man. For the flowers gathered in the Egyptian tombs by Dr. Schweinfurth, and said to be four thousand years old, are still perfectly identifiable, and "differ in no respect from their living representatives in Egypt at this day."¹ Hence, we must look elsewhere for the origin of those supplies of heat of which the sun is the generous and never-failing dispenser.

Everyone is conversant with that transformation of energy of motion into energy of heat which takes place when a moving body is arrested in its course, whether the stopping of the motion be sudden or gradual. A bullet fired against a target with any great velocity, is fused by the force of the impact. Even a flash may accompany the striking of a heavy projectile against the armour plates of an ironclad. An anvil will become warm under the arrested blows of a hammer. A piece of phosphorus which could not be ignited when touched by cold metal, readily bursts into flame when touched by the same metal after it has received a smart blow. And, thanks to the experiments of Dr. Joule of Manchester, the precise relation which obtains between one unit of energy of motion and one unit of energy of heat has long been the possession of science. For it appears that the amount of heat which could be communicated by the fall of $772\frac{1}{2}$ lb of matter through 1 foot, is sufficient to raise 1 lb of water through one degree of the Fahrenheit scale; or in other words is competent to generate one thermal unit. In accordance with these principles it was suggested as early as 1848 by Mayer,² who shares with Joule the glory of having established the dynamical theory of heat, that the source of the sun's radiations was to be attributed to a continuous supply of meteoric particles, which were ever being

¹ British Association, 1888. Address to Section D. By Professor Thistleton Dyer. *Nature*, August 13, 1888.

² "On Celestial Dynamics," by Dr. J. R. Mayer. (*Phil. Mag.* 1863, p. 393. Translated by Dr. Debus.)

poured into his furnaces. By the stopping of their motion the heat would be evolved, which is requisite for all the purposes of the solar economy. Mayer even supposed that this in-pouring of meteor streams into the sun, furnished a key for the explanation of the appearance known as the zodiacal light. Even as recently as the total eclipse of 1878, the drawings of Penrose of the corona as observed at Denver, Colorado, seemed to lend countenance to the view, of a downrush of meteoric streams from space upon the solar surface. But while admitting that some part of the supply of solar heat is undoubtedly derived from this source, yet grave objections are forthcoming, which render the theory, that the whole of the solar heat is due to the impact of meteoric matter, altogether untenable. Sir William Thomson has calculated the duration of the heat supply which would ensue, supposing the present rate of heat expenditure by the sun to be maintained, should an amount of matter equal to that of each of the planets be precipitated upon the solar surface from their mean distances.¹ Our earth would keep up the heat energy for but a trifle of 95 years; and indeed the whole of the planets falling into the sun would but maintain its fires for about 46,000 years, of which amount the greater portion, or 33,000 years, would be due to the impact of the giant Jupiter. However, the solar fires would be kept up for an indefinite period, could a mass of matter equal to the one-hundredth part of the earth be gathered in from the regions of space annually. But such an amount considered in itself, and apart from any reference to other bodies, would be truly enormous. Whence is it to be drawn? Countless are the number of meteorites which meet the earth daily in its course round the sun, 20,000,000 according to one authority; and still more beyond reckoning those which are consumed in the earth's atmosphere at the periods of the great meteoric showers. Thus Humboldt relates that in the grand display witnessed by him on November 12, 1799, the whole sky was at no time free from shooting stars beyond the space of the radius of three lunar diameters. Yet would not all these suffice. So thick ought they to be in the case supposed, that our planet would be continually bombarded by them as they rushed onward to feed the solar furnaces, and its temperature would in consequence be raised to a point unendurable by all living things.

Again, the mass of the sun would be increased by this

¹ Young, *The Sun*, p. 272.

addition of new matter. Hence would follow an increase in its attractive power, according to the universal law of gravitation, and a consequent derangement of the whole mechanism of the heavens. Slowly but surely the earth would draw nearer and yet nearer to the sun, and the year would see a corresponding decrease in its length. As Sir William Thomson has shown, already since the ushering in of the Christian era, the year would have been shortened by six weeks. The geologist, too, under such circumstances, ought to have discovered many traces of meteorites in the earth's crust, but the record of any such finds is an absolute blank.¹ It is quite true that the planet Mercury is disturbed in its motions in a manner which indicates the probable existence of some matter between itself and the sun, but whether these disturbances be due to Leverrier's hypothetical planet Vulcan, or to smaller bodies, is a question not yet finally settled. Such are the objections which have proved fatal to the meteoric theory, and have rendered its acceptance by the scientific world inadmissible.

There remains a third theory, now generally accepted, and which has survived the test of criticism during thirty-four years. It is the contraction theory of Helmholtz. According to this view, the origin of the sun is to be sought in the clashing together of portions of matter, meteorites it might be, which being attracted towards one another served by their coalescence to form his original mass. Raised by this means to a degree of vivid incandescence, there was evolved a globe of vast dimensions, and of a gaseous constitution. It is the contraction of this globe, as it radiates heat into space, which supplies the whole store of energy needed to keep up the solar expenditure. Imagine such a mighty sphere at first in a condition of equilibrium. Two forces would strive for the mastery. The force of gravity would tend to reduce the volume or bulk of the sphere, while at the same time it increased its density. To this would be opposed an elastic force due to the huge temperature of the mass, which force would tend to make it expand beyond its original limits. The balance would be disturbed by the heat lost by radiation into space, the attractive force pulling its parts towards its centre would prevail, and the volume would gradually sink. Again, we have energy of motion, and energy of motion too resisted; heat must be the result. And the heat

¹ "La formation de l'écorce terrestre." A. de Lapparent. *Revue des Questions Scient.* July, 1888.

thus generated continually supplies the place of that which has been lost by radiation into space, and which has furnished both light and heat to the planetary spheres. But the sun itself has become smaller. The analogy of a simple experiment may serve to illustrate this brief sketch of the contraction theory. Taking a barrel closed at one end and full of air, push into it a tightly fitting piston. The air is compressed and becomes contracted in volume under the applied pressure. The energy of motion disappears, but is transformed into energy of heat, sufficient to ignite some tinder placed in the barrel. In the case of the sun too, we have a fluid contracting, not as in our experiment under an externally applied pressure, but by the force of its own attraction, and in the process heat must be the result.

It has been computed that in order to furnish heat sufficient for the present rate of solar expenditure, the contraction demanded is one mile in twenty-five years, or four miles in a century. Such a diminution in the sun's volume could not be observed in less than ten thousand years, for the linear value of one second of arc on the sun's surface is 450 miles. Hence the theory cannot be verified by actual observation. "In 5,000,000 years," according to Newcomb, "the sun will be reduced to one-half his present volume."¹ But then as its volume diminishes its density must be proportionately increased, so that by that time the sun will have already commenced to solidify. In fact, his density will then be about eleven times the density of water, or equal to that of lead. In such circumstances radiation of heat at his free surface can no longer be compensated for by the drawing together of his parts, and coldness and darkness will be the portion of his latter days. Doubtless many an extinct sun is to be found in the depths of the starry regions. Indications of their presence are not wanting, and the types of stellar spectra point to such a termination of their life history.

But if this is to be his future, what, on the showing of the present theory, was his past history? Ten thousand years ago his radius was larger by 400 miles than at present, there was a time when his mighty bulk filled space even to the orbit of the earth, and yet another time still more remote when the circle of Neptune's path could not have contained his vastness. Just as the study of the stellar spectra lends countenance to the view that the sun is doomed to extinction, so the study of the nebulae confirms the deduction drawn from

¹ *Popular Astronomy*, p. 522.

the theory that the sun was once a mighty nebula. At that time his density must have been of an extreme tenuity; so that on Helmholtz's theory, pursuing quite a different line of reasoning, we are led back to the point from whence Laplace started. In fact, one is but a modification of the other, but a modification which is founded on the modern doctrine of the conservation of energy. But what limit of time are we then to assign to the past history of the sun? Even supposing that he had in the beginning filled up the whole region of space, not even so has he eluded the grasp of the mathematical astronomer, for the limit of the amount of heat which could be evolved by the falling together of his parts from an indefinite distance is a strictly measurable quantity.¹ The conclusion, then, to which mathematical physics has arrived, can be stated in the words of Sir William Thomson as follows: "In the circumstances, and taking fully into account all possibilities of greater density in the sun's interior, and of greater or less activity of radiation in past ages, it would, I think, be exceeding rash to assume as probable anything more than twenty million years of the sun's light in the past history of the earth, or to reckon on more than five or six million years of sunlight for time to come."²

The bearing of this opinion upon the Darwinian hypothesis, that all life was evolved by the agency of Natural Selection acting upon minute variations from the original stock, is at once obvious. For if Natural Selection be true, the geological time requisite for the evolving of species such as they exist at present, must be vastly greater than can be allowed by physicists for the whole life of the solar system. "This power of selection," says Darwin in a letter to Sir J. Hooker, "stands in the most direct relation to time, and in the state of nature can only be excessively slow."³ Excessively slow indeed, for as Mr. Murphy, quoted by Dr. Mivart, says:⁴ "Suppose it took 500 years to form a greyhound out of his wolf-like ancestor, how long ought it to take to form an elephant from a protozoon, or even from a tadpole-like fish?" And Dr. Mivart himself finds it "not easy to believe that less than 2,000,000,000 years would be required for the totality of animal development

¹ Newcomb, *Popular Astronomy*, p. 523.

² "The Sun's Heat." Sir W. Thomson. *Nature*, Jan. 27, 1887.

³ *Life and Letters of C. Darwin*. Edited by his son, Francis Darwin, vol. ii. p. 87.

⁴ *Genesis of Species*, Mivart, (Ed. 1871), chap. vi. p. 137.

by no other means than minute, fortuitous, occasional, and intermittent variations in all conceivable directions ;"¹ that is, about one hundred times more than Sir William Thomson allows for the age of sunlight itself.

That the force of this objection was fully appreciated by Darwin we have ample proof in his letters. Thus he writes to Wallace² on April 14, 1869, referring to his article in the *Quarterly Review* of the same month, an objection on which we shall have occasion to note presently : "Thomson's views of the recent age of the world have been for some time one of my sorest troubles, and so I have been glad to read what you say." And again, in another place :³ "I can say nothing more about missing-links than what I have said. I should rely much on pre-silurian times ; but then comes Sir W. Thomson like an odious spectre." Moreover, it must be borne in mind that these letters were penned some twenty years since, at a time prior to Langley's bolometric observations on the absorption of the solar rays by our atmosphere. The result of these observations has been to reduce the time allowable for the age of the sun very considerably. Twenty years ago, Sir W. Thomson arguing from the action of the tides on the rotation of the earth, from the probable length of time that sunlight had illumined our planet, and from the temperature of the interior of the earth, allowed 100,000,000 years as the limit for the existence of living things upon the globe, and it is to this number that Darwin's letter alludes.⁴

But perhaps it may be objected, as Wallace argued in the *Quarterly Review*, "that it may be doubted,⁵ whether our knowledge of the forces of the universe is at present so accurate or so complete as to enable us to speculate with any chance of arriving at the truth, on such tremendous problems as the age of the sun and the sources of its light and heat." To which we reply that the grounds for accepting the hypothesis of Helmholtz are at least as well founded as those on which we are asked to embrace the creed of Darwin.⁶ In a letter to Bentham we read :⁷

¹ Loc. cit. p. 140.

² *Life and Letters*, vol. iii. p. 114.

³ *Ibid.* p. 146.

⁴ Quoted by Mivart, loc. cit.

⁵ *Quarterly Review*, vol. cxxvi. p. 375.

⁶ "I am far from claiming for it the authority of a scientific creed, or even the degree of certainty which is possessed by some of the laws of astronomy." (Thistleton Dyer, loc. cit.)

⁷ *Life and Letters*, vol. iii. p. 25.

"The belief in Natural Selection must at present be grounded on general considerations. (1) On its being a *vera causa*; from the struggle for existence; and the certain geological fact that species do somehow change. (2) From the analogy of change under domestication by man's selection. (3) And chiefly from this view connecting under an intelligible point of view a host of facts. When we descend to details we can prove that no one species has changed [*i.e.*, we cannot prove that a single species has changed]; nor can we prove that the supposed changes are beneficial, which is the groundwork of the theory." One or two remarks before we proceed. With regard to number three we may call to mind that the emission theory of light, adopted by Newton himself, connected a host of facts together, and yet was not true. Again we may note the term *vera causa*. Darwin cannot assume that his hypothesis of Natural Selection is actually the true cause which produces evolution of species, otherwise he has nothing to prove. The term is used in the looser sense now in vogue among scientific writers,¹ to denote that a cause is known to be existent in other cases, and so may be postulated in the case under consideration.

To apply these same general criteria to the contraction theory of the sun. In the first place the contraction of a mass of gas in cooling is a *vera causa* of the production of heat. This follows immediately from the doctrine of the conservation of energy, and the mechanical theory of heat. Again the argument from analogy is complete. For have we not in the workshop of the heavens nebulae? and the spectrum of nebulae is a gaseous spectrum; in all possible stages of condensation. Even as long ago as 1812 the observations of Sir W. Herschell led him to adopt the view that nebulae were transmuted into stars by a gradual process. Arranging his materials under various headings he advances from faint diffused nebulae, through nebulae in which a nucleus is barely visible, to those in which the nucleus is a point of star-like brilliancy. Thence by an easy gradation to nebulous stars, and by way of diffused clusters and stellar nebulae, he arrives at length at rich star clusters.

And in the third place our hypothesis explains not perhaps a host of facts, but nothing less than the formation of that body whose light and heat are the origin of all the varying phenomena of the solar system, and without which there could be no life. As Professor Prestwich tells us:² "This hypothesis,

¹ *Inductive Logic*, Fowler, p. 114, n. 2.

² *Geology*, vol. ii. p. 553.

which is in accordance with the astronomical conditions, is also the one which, in its connection with secular refrigeration, adapts itself best, there is little doubt, to the great problems in physical geology." In a recent paper too on the formation of the earth's crust,¹ one of the leading continental geologists declares for the Laplacian cosmogony, of which the contraction theory is but a modification. Well then may we ask what principles there may be which should lead us to assume the speculations of the biologist as more worthy of regard than those of the astronomer.

It would not, however, be a fair statement of the case, were we to ignore the fact that there are other physical hypotheses in the field which bear upon the question of the age of the sun. Passing over the theories of Dr. Croll, who is induced to accept Sir W. Thomson's estimate of time as correct, and of Mr. Crooke² with his ideas on the formation of chemical atoms at the confines of the universe, which gravitating inwards restore to the universe the energy lost through radiant heat, we must not fail to glance at the admirable labours of Professor G. Darwin on "tidal friction," and their connection with the genesis of the moon from the earth.³ According to this eminent authority, at least 54,000,000 years must have elapsed since the earth and the moon formed one liquid or semi-solid mass, and before our satellite, by reason perhaps of a too rapid rotation, broke the bands that bound her and commenced her long journey into space. His arguments rest on *veræ causæ*; namely, the imperfect rigidity of solids, and on the internal friction that must necessarily exist in semi-solids and fluids. It also "brings into quantitative correlation the lengths of the present day and month, the obliquity of the ecliptic, and the inclination and eccentricity of the lunar orbit."⁴ It likewise furnishes a possible explanation of the trend of the great continents north and south, and receives a striking confirmation from the revolution of the inner satellite of Mars, which performs its journey around its primary, in about one-third of the duration of the martian day. But "these investigations afford no ground for the rejection of the nebular hypothesis," although they "introduce modifications of considerable importance." The

¹ A. de Lapparent, loc. cit.

² "Elements and Meta-Elements." *The Times*, March 30, 1888.

³ Article "Tides." *Ency. Brit.* vol. xxiii. 1888.

⁴ Loc. cit. p. 379.

hypothesis requires plenty of time, so that if Sir W. Thomson be correct, we can only affirm that tidal friction has produced considerable changes in the configuration of the system of the two bodies earth and moon.

But to turn to Natural Selection. Are there not equally other hypotheses of the evolution of living things recently broached, which are inconsistent with it? Thus we have the germ-plasma theory of Weismann, or Neo-Darwinism as named by Dr. Romanes, Dr. Mivart's hypothesis of the origin of living things along several independent lines, and Dr. Romanes' own theory of "physiological selection." To judge from a recent correspondence¹ in a leading scientific journal, it is putting the matter mildly, to state that there is considerable divergence of opinion among the lights of the biological world. Here then is a medley of hypotheses, astronomical and physical, chemical and biological, each resting on *veræ causæ*, each supported by arguments drawn from analogy, and the multitude of facts explained, and each claiming eminent men of science as their authors and adherents. In such a state of things it may be asked, can it be conceived as possible that any man, however acute his intellect, could ferret out the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. What labour in assiduous study, what time reckoned in years he had need to employ on the task.

Nor could he ever be sure that he had attained the object of his search. For take that grandest generalization of all, Newton's universal law of gravitation. There are observations which would even seem to throw doubt upon its universality. For in the realms of the celestial spaces such runaway worlds as 1830 Groombridge and the brilliant Arcturus have been quoted against it, moving as they do with the speed of a comet when nearest to the sun, though there be no attracting mass in their neighbourhood.

In such circumstances is it not surprising to find men of science, who not only have not the slightest doubt about the truth of their own pet theories, but are ready to lay down the law in the realms of philosophy and theology, in sciences with which, to judge from their immoderate assertions, their acquaintance is of the most remote? Such language is to be expected from the camp-followers in the army of science, whose assurance is generally inversely proportional to their knowledge, for many of those in a word who affect to popularize the doctrine

¹ *Nature*, July to December, 1888.

of Natural Selection. But that leading lights in biology should commit themselves by such sayings, is indeed wonderful. They would not undertake to build a bridge forsooth because they know not engineering, but they do undertake to settle questions in philosophy and morals which demand the knowledge of experts, quite as much as the building of a bridge or the construction of a railway. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* Science then, even by its own showing, is altogether incompetent to furnish us with a guiding line, by which we may regulate and order our lives. And as the nature of man instinctively feels the need of some such guide, and will be content with nothing less than the truth, it follows that a trustworthy basis for faith and deed must be sought elsewhere.

A. L. CORTIE

The High Church Party as it is.

HAVING recently endeavoured to put before the readers of THE MONTH in a few words a very imperfect sketch of the present character and position of the extreme High Church party in the Anglican Communion in the article "Ritualism as it is," it would appear to be not unimportant to glance at the present character and position of the High Church party as a whole.

At the outset one is met with this difficulty. The old High Churchman of more than half a century ago was something essentially different from any High Churchman of A.D. 1888. The modern High Churchman must be weighed in a different balance, and measured by a different standard. He claims, indeed, to represent the same tradition, and to be the successor of Hooker and of Laud, and of those who followed in their footsteps. But in reality even the leaders of the comparatively recent Oxford movement stood upon a different platform, as it were, from their *soi-disant* successors.

For the idea of the Oxford reformers was this. They assumed the Anglican Communion to be a branch of the Catholic Church, separated by circumstances—some fortunate, some very sad—from the bulk of Western Christendom. They traced almost all the evils from which the Anglican Church suffered to the blighting and baneful influences of Calvinism and Zwinglianism occupying a *false* position within her borders and poisoning her well-springs of life. They spoke with reverence and respect of what they considered the rest of the Catholic Church, which had happily retained so much good which they had lost for a time. And, although they held to the 19th Article, which says: "As the churches of Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Antioch have erred, so also the Church of Rome hath *erred*, not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of *faith*;" yet they certainly held out the right hand of friendship, and something more, for Keble says: "Speak gently of our *sister's* fall,"

showing that he and those who thought with him looked upon the Catholic Church with brotherly love, sympathy and prayer. This, then, was the basis of their writings and of their work: First, uncompromising hostility to Puritanism and continental Protestantism with their effects on Anglicans; and secondly, restoration of Catholic doctrines and of brotherly love to (the rest of) the Catholic Church.

Now let us see what is the basis upon which most modern High Churchmen take their stand. For, if the foundation is different in plan, the superstructure cannot be identical in design. It is, however, scarcely possible to fix any definite basis on account of the great divergencies which exist. But on the whole we shall not be far wrong if we exactly reverse the order, and say that most modern High Churchmen agree in more or less hostility to Rome and in brotherly love to other sections of Anglicanism. To ascertain this, one must, however, look a little below the surface, and in order to do so we may take a few examples drawn from real types, *though not from individuals in any case.*

Here, for instance, is a man who professes moderate High Church views; that is to say, he likes frequent services, good music, a surpliced choir, a choral "celebration" occasionally at mid-day, or even later, confessions heard on the sick bed, and occasionally, but not habitually, in church. He is possibly a member of the "Anglo-Continental Society," which translates and publishes parts of the Book of Common Prayer and other Anglican books and tracts with the object of helping foreign churches to "reform" themselves after the Anglican model. He readily fraternizes with his fellow-Anglicans of every grade, and with members of the Eastern and "Old Catholic" Communions as far as they will allow him. But he draws the line at Nonconformists, amongst whom he includes Catholics in England. And he has the greatest horror of the more recent dogmas, which he considers cut him off for ever from the possibility of re-union with Rome.

Here is another, a High Churchman of broad sympathies, who professes to love all men as brothers. He belongs, it may be, to the Guild of St. Matthew, which strives to influence for good Socialists and Freethinkers of all kinds, and to draw them to Christianity by adopting some of their political tenets. He is not particular as to ritual, or even doctrine, when away from home, though preferring "sound Churchmanship" where it may

be had. But when abroad he attends all the services at the Anglican chapel, merely going to Mass or Benediction occasionally as to a spectacle with which he has nothing to do.

As a third example we may take a man of a more advanced school, one who speaks of the Anglican Communion Service as "the Mass" as a matter of course. He practises and teaches the value of habitual confession and of bodily mortification; and, if a clergyman, he shrinks from communicating a sick person if sent for after breakfast. He is, perhaps, a member of "the Association for promoting the Unity of Christendom," which uses daily the prayer for re-union which follows the *Agnus Dei* in the Mass. When he crosses the Channel he goes either only for the actual reception to the Anglican chapel, or not at all, and at all other times to the Church of the land. Yet he is so bitter against "Roman schismatics" on this side of the Channel that, if a friend of his becomes a Catholic, he avoids his society, and in controversy he adopts the hostile tone of the *Church Times*.

As a fourth instance let us take a member of "the Order of Corporate Re-union," which professes to have introduced Orders, even Episcopal, to supply what may be lacking in the Church of England. He, as a contrast to all others, even the most advanced, recognizes the Holy Father as the Head of the Church on earth, and considers that obedience ought to be rendered to him. But for the time he is content to remain in communion with Anglicans of all shades in order that, as he hopes, a way may be paved in time for the corporate re-union of the English Church with the Churches of the Roman obedience. Meanwhile he obtains all that he is unable to get in Anglicanism from the clergy of his own society.

Of this last class, although their numbers are unknown, there are believed to be but very few, while of the other classes of High Churchmen to which allusion has been made (and these might be subdivided again according to minor differences) one will not be far wrong in saying that they are agreed in a common love for Anglican freedom of thought and action and a common aversion to Catholic unity of thought and action.

However, too, they may differ as to their behaviour towards the Catholic Church on the continent (and they *do* differ very widely), they are agreed that within the British Isles that Church is in schism, having separated herself from the true Church of the land in the reign of Elizabeth.

It is of little use to quote the Fathers and early Councils as proving that schism is separation from the source of unity—the Apostolic See. On one excuse or another all quotations from such authorities are explained to mean something different from their literal interpretation. Better is it to appeal to the reasoning powers in many cases, and to point out the dilemma in which this view of the Church in England lands its supporters.

The Church in communion with Rome must be (on Anglican principles) either a true and living branch of the Church Catholic, or a schismatical and lifeless branch. Every Catholic who comes to England from any part of the world considers himself, and is considered, in communion with the Churches of the Roman obedience here. Bishops, Patriarchs, even the Pope himself if he came to our shores, would all be the same. Therefore on Anglican principles and views of schism the *whole* Roman Catholic Church is committed to it, and it should be the duty of Anglicans to make it quite clear that they alone, or they with the Eastern Churches and "Old Catholics" alone, are the true Catholic Church—the Roman Communion being but a decayed branch cut off therefrom.

Again, the 19th Article says that: "The Church of Rome hath erred . . . in matters of faith;" and, although many High Churchmen of the present day are not unwilling to forget this, and to accept the decrees of the Council of Trent, with modifications, as a basis of re-union, yet the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and of the Infallibility of the Pope remain even in their view as errors of faith. What are errors of faith but heresy? Therefore the Church of Rome is heretical, and cut off from the Church Catholic on that account. Yet scarcely a High Churchman exists who dares thus to look facts in the face and say: "We, Anglicans, in spite of all our divisions, are *the* Church of Christ," or "We with the Easterns and Old Catholics are the Church—Rome is in heresy and schism." Yet how is it possible for consistency's sake to speak otherwise while holding the ideas we have mentioned?

One wonders sometimes what a modern High Churchman would say to St. Augustine of Canterbury if he were to return on earth to look for the Church which he planted. If St. Augustine were to ask to be shown the pallium which he had received from Rome as the symbol of his authority and jurisdiction, he would not find such on the shoulders of his successor in the Cathedral and revenues of Canterbury, but on those of his successor in

obedience to the Chair of St. Peter at Westminster. If he proceeded to inquire into matters of doctrine, he would find all those which he believed held by the "schismatical and heretical Church of Rome in England," while the communion which professes to be the Church of England, distinctly denied some of them in her Articles, called him and his successors "idolaters," in one of her Homilies, and asserted the Vicar of Christ, who sent him to our shores, to have been a mere ordinary Bishop, or at the most, the Patriarch of the West by *Church* appointment. How could he be persuaded that the Articles and the Homily did not mean what they said, and that the real source of jurisdiction resided in the see of each individual bishop, so that those who now held them must be his true successors?

The present is an age of great activity in the spiritual, as well as in the material, world. All honour be to those noble minds which conceive, and those energetic hands and feet which carry on, so many good works as are now to be found amongst Anglicans, and especially amongst High Churchmen. But in order to show that there is something wanting in all this activity one need not look to Catholic controversialists who judge of it all from outside, and with no very favourable eyes. A little book has lately been published by a High Churchman with the title of *High Churchmen and their Church*, which is quite sufficient to prove that much work is carried on under mistaken principles, although, of course he does not point to the true remedy. This author affirms that "the decadence from 1661 to the present time is complete and absolute," that "ecclesiastical laws are a by-word," that "schism is openly sanctioned and supported" and that "the saints (*i.e.*, communicants), instead of practically being the nation, as in mediæval or Tudor times, and even late in the seventeenth century, are now a mere sprinkling." In another place he affirms that "the modern Ritualist travesties all Church order, law and discipline." Whatever one may think of the peculiar views of this writer on certain points, one thing is evident, that the High Churchmen of whom he writes have scarcely anything in common with their namesakes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and of the early part of this; and that their work, noble as it is in many respects, does not tend on the whole towards re-union with the Apostolic See, but rather tends to develope Popes in each diocese and parish—nay, in every household, while striving to make light of differences with those

whom their immediate predecessors regarded as tainted with Genevan or Erastian heresy.

In many cases it is the very energy that is put forth so abundantly which hinders thought. While devoting themselves to the effort to keep pace with their ever-growing responsibilities, the majority must necessarily trust to the researches of others who have a turn for controversy in order to assure themselves of their position. If these were to be relied upon, well and good. But when trust is put in controversialists who, to serve controversial purposes, are distinctly unfair in dealing with patristic and other evidence, it is another matter. And it is unfortunately a well known fact that this is the case at the present time. Especially sad it is to see those who, while sincerely desirous of knowing the truth, and while striving to serve and obey the Spirit of Truth, are yet wandering in ways of their own choosing, and in what they conceive to be the cause of charity, permitting various errors to stand side by side with the Faith once delivered.¹

H. MORDEN BENNETT.

¹ One can scarcely credit some of the things which are publicly said and written by High Churchmen nowadays. The October number of *The Guildsman*, the organ of the High Church Guild of St. Alban, contained a paper which was recently read at one of their meetings in which occur these words: "What is required in the present day is a scientific basis for Christian eschatology, and this can *only* be obtained from *Hindu* sources."

Through Ireland to Hades.

THE *Commedia Divina* of Dante is but the best of a great many books similar in style and purpose which were produced in the middle ages. They are generally written in sober and matter-of-fact language and affect to relate only what the writer has seen with his own eyes and heard with his own ears. The work to which I invite the reader's attention was originally written in Spanish by Raymund Viscount of Perellosos and Rhodes and Baron of Sereta. Said Raymund the Viscount went down to Hell through Ireland, and saw there, and also in Purgatory and Heaven, many wonderful things, which he relates with great gravity. The original work was composed in the Catalanian dialect of the Spanish tongue. It was printed at Ruscino, a town which holds the remains of the adventurous author. Subsequently the work was translated into the more popular and generally understood Castilian dialect. In this form it attracted the notice of a young Irish refugee, an officer in the Spanish navy, who, struck by the manner in which his country was there mentioned, translated it into very neat and readable Latin. This young Irishman has become rather famous in literature. His history of the last great rebellion in Ireland against Queen Elizabeth is very clever and entertaining, enlivened by many anecdotes. His name was Philip O'Sullivan. When his family went into rebellion, they, by way of clearing the decks for action, sent all the children to Spain. There he was educated, and distinguished himself both as a sailor and a writer. His translation does not profess to be literal, but no doubt is substantially correct. He says himself, *Nec verbum verbo sed sententiam sententiæ reddam Latinis phrasibus usus, nihil autem addam.*

The following is the substance of Raymund the Viscount's autobiographical account of his adventures in Ireland.

Raymund's father was Privy Councillor and Commander-in-Chief to Charles the Fifth, King of France. His father dying,

committed him to the King's care, by whom he was educated from boyhood. The Court of this "great monarch" was frequented by many strangers whose conversations about the wonders of foreign countries were listened to eagerly by the boy. When he grew up he travelled widely, and saw many strange things, the relation of which he withholds. What befel him in Ireland, however, he for various reasons, religious as well as geographical, thought fit to give to the world. *Orcus* he saw there, before which all other wonders were as nought.

On the death of King Charles, Raymund transferred himself to the Court of John, King of Spain, whose vassal he was under the feudal system, inasmuch as his estates lay in that country. That King treated him kindly and with as much consideration as any king ever extended to any subject. During this period of his life he fought both by land and sea. He was serving in the Spanish navy when news was brought to him of the death of the King, news at which he was plunged into the deepest grief. While so suffering, a strong desire arose in his mind of seeing again his kind master. He had formerly heard that there was in Ireland a cave through which, God permitting, entrance might be effected to the world of the dead. Many had gone down by this passage and some had returned. Recalling all that he had heard upon the subject, and impelled alike by love and grief, he now determined himself to make the attempt. He thought it would be improper to embark upon such an enterprise without first apprising the Supreme Pontiff of his intention. He accordingly went to Avignon, laid his purpose before Benedict the Thirteenth, and begged his permission and sanction. The Pope refused at first, but when Raymund continued to press his suit, he gave a tardy and unwilling consent. Raymund forthwith left Avignon and travelled northwards. He rode out of Avignon in the evening. It was Lady Day, in the month of September, in the year of our Lord 1328 (?). At Paris he visited the King, Charles the Sixth, who gave him letters of introduction to his son-in-law, Richard the Second, King of England, and his wife Isabella, who received him kindly, and dismissed him with letters to Ireland. Arriving in Dublin, "the capital of Ireland," he visited the Viceroy, the Earl of March, uncle to the King. Raymund's chronology, as already indicated, is a little astray, or more probably has gone astray in the course of successive *redactions*, for Richard the Second ascended the throne in 1377. But he is correct as to the Viceroyalty of the Earl of March.

In Ware's Chronicles I find the following: "1381, Edmund Mortimer, the King's Lieutenant in Ireland, Earl of March and Ulster, died in Cork." We can therefore all but lay our finger upon the year in which the brave adventurer came to Ireland. It must have been between 1377 and 1381.

When March read the letters which had been written by the King and Queen of England, he received him with great honour, but at the same time did his best to restrain him from the prosecution of his perilous adventure. I must here mention that the cave in question was situated in a small island, lying in a lake called Lough Derg, in the southern portion of the county of Donegal. In the fourteenth century a journey from Dublin to Donegal was a grave and perilous undertaking, and, as we know, the bold Spaniard was determined to travel a great deal farther. The Earl of March, however, succeeded as ill as the Pope. Finding all his efforts to be vain he finally dismissed Raymund with letters to the Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland, who at the time was in the city of Drogheda. The Primate received him kindly, and also did his best to dissuade him. Amongst other dissuasives he mentioned the alarming fact that of those who went down to Orcus through this avenue a great many never returned. Finding the Spaniard stubbornly fixed in his determination, the Primate authorized the descent, gave him absolution for his sins, and sent him forward with letters to O'Neill, King of Ulster. There is no doubt that whoever wrote this treatise was well acquainted with Ireland. At this point we are informed that when Raymund departed from the Court of O'Neill, the chieftain gave him presents. This was the almost invariable custom of the Irish chiefs at the time. In the annals, I find that this munificent chieftain was Nial More O'Neill, a powerful and warlike figure in the history of that age, an independent dynast of the north, and not unnaturally styled king by the Spaniard. Nial More no doubt gave him also a safe conduct and letters, for he received no injury in his journey till he reached the town called Termon, which he translates *Protectio vel Asylum*, on the borders of the famous lough. Here he relates that he was treated "kindly enough" by the local landlord and his brother, who ferried him and his companions across the lough to the island, and who, I believe, exacted fees. Hence perhaps his qualified praise of the pair.

Raymund and his suite were now landed on the wondrous isle where was the gate of Hell. To-day the lough is dismal

and dolorous in the extreme. Desolate wastes spread around it on every side. In the fourteenth century these shores were probably wooded, and the town of Termon hard by was doubtless considerable and populous, for there was an immense concourse of pilgrims to this place. Only a few came with Raymund's purpose. The majority came to confess sins, do penance, and otherwise purify their souls, it being supposed that purification effected here was more complete than elsewhere. There were other islands in the lake on which cells and churches abounded. On this island there was a monastery of regular canons, the Prior of which had full control over the celebrated cave. Him Raymund approached and informed of the object of his visit, at the same time producing the written authorization of the Primate of all Ireland, which he had received from him at Drogheda. The Prior too, in his turn, did his best to divert Raymund from his purpose. He delivered several impressive speeches to this end, and even quoted Virgil as to the ease of the descent, but the great difficulty of the return. *Fateor equidem facilem esse purgatorii descensum; sed revocare gradum hoc opus, hic labor, &c.* But all was in vain. The Spaniard stoutly replied that he would endure all things, and risk his body and his soul, if only he could see his "dear lord." "In that case," answered the Prior, "I can do no more, but you must now submit to certain rites which have been directed by St. Patrick and hitherto enjoined by my predecessors." According to the tradition of the monastery, a tradition which Raymund relates, this avenue to Hades had been opened by St. Patrick himself that scoffing gentiles might descend there, and by ocular testimony be convinced. The Saint had affixed door-jambs to the mouth of the cave, set a door there with a lock, and given the key of the same to the first Prior, who had transmitted it to his successors. In the monastic church hard by, on certain days of the year, pilgrims who had made the descent and returned in safety used to relate to the people the things they heard and saw in the world of the dead. Many adventurers died in that cave, overcome with terror.

After this Raymund made his will, and gave directions to his two sons, Ludovic and Raymund, who had accompanied him, and to the rest of his companions, what they should do in the event of his never returning. The Prior and the local landlord then asked him where he would wish to be buried, to which he answered, that the "earth was the common sepulchre of man,"

meaning presumedly that they might inter him where they pleased.

Raymund was now directed by the Prior to submit to a certain course of religious discipline, prayers and penance, performed in the adjoining church, and which lasted for some days. On the day appointed for the descent the Prior convened the monks of the monastery, and all the clergymen of that neighbourhood round about to assist. The Mass for the dead was celebrated, with chanting and music, in the church. This and other unrecorded ceremonies having been concluded, a solemn procession was formed outside the church, and began to move along with him towards the cave, chanting the Litany as they went. In a mediæval English account of the descent of one of King Stephen's knights, the narrative refers to this chanting of the Litany :

And as loud as they coud crye
For him they songe the Litanye.

Behind this mournful procession followed Raymund's sons and suite, and other laymen, headed by the local landlord, who seems to have played an important part in all such solemnities. At the mouth of the cave, while the monks still sang, he was sprinkled with holy water. The Prior drew forth the key and opened the dread portals. Once more, and for the last time, he warned Raymund of the terrors and horrors which he would have to endure, but Raymund was not to be moved. He then told him that at first he would be met by messengers sent from God. That afterwards he would be assailed by demons, but would escape from their hands by uttering these words, "O Christ, son of the living God, have pity upon me a sinner." Raymund then kissed all, the local landlord included, and bidding farewell to the upper world, stept into the cave. He was not alone. After him stept in an Englishman, a knight, the lord of Taresus, who also had gone through the various rites and ceremonies. This English knight, the Lord of Taresus, may be discovered in contemporaneous literature or history. Raymund does not give his name, and the title does not seem English. The Spaniard's words are these: *Post me intrat Anglus eques Taresi dominus*. The Prior straitly commanded them not to speak to each other, for that instant death was the punishment of speech. The door was shut, bolted, and padlocked. The Prior, and the priests, and the people, departed. Their voices

died away in the distance, and Raymund and his companion were on the threshold of Hell.

There was light enough for him to perceive the dimensions of the cave. It was, as he calculated, about four cubits long, but soon he discovered that at the further end there was a passage opening to the left. Thither he proceeded and was about to enter when suddenly he found his foot sink, and perceived that the ground was not sufficiently firm to sustain a man's weight. Fearing that he would so be drawn into the deep or suffer some other calamity, he promptly retreated, and kneeling down, prayed. For the space of about an hour he experienced no mysterious sensation, but after that felt his limbs tremble; sweat broke out; he was filled with horror. Nausea succeeded, such, he vividly relates, as one experiences when tossed about at sea in a ship. Sleep finally released him from his sufferings, but he had not slept long when he was awakened by a loud peal of thunder, the more remarkable inasmuch as, at the time of his entrance into the cave, the weather had been fine, and the sky clear and serene. This, however, was not a supernatural phenomenon; the people in the island heard it too. Before recovering from his terror he had a second and a greater surprise, for now he felt himself falling. After falling, as he thinks, a distance of six cubits, his descent was arrested by the fact, but he had sufficient presence of mind to utter the words which the Prior had told him to use if assailed by devils. He now perceived that he was in a much more spacious and better lit cavern than that into which he had first entered, but on looking round found himself alone. The English knight was gone. Through this cavern he ran forward, but the further he advanced, the wider and deeper the cavern seemed to grow. By degrees the light faded, and he entered shadows which gradually deepened till he found himself immersed in perfect darkness. Still advancing as well as he could, light again began to appear, and soon he became aware that he was in the midst of a large court. The light was still dim, resembling that of the twilight of a winter day. The sides of this court were not made of continuous walls, but of pillars with curiously carved capitals, sustaining Gothic arches. Here he walked about for some time, admiring the architecture and artistic work, which excelled everything he had ever seen, and seemed to be beyond the power of man to execute. His contemplation of all this was interrupted by the entrance of twelve men of sacerdotal appearance, and clothed in white

raiment, who approached and saluted him with aspects of benignity.

There is nothing very distinctive in Raymund's description of the things he saw in the nether world, the language is vague and general, and the descriptions conventional, and not such as we should expect from the rest of the narrative. I hardly think that it would repay the trouble of transcription and perusal. I think it highly probable that what I have related so far as the peal of thunder is quite true, and that Raymund the Viscount did go to Lough Derg under the circumstances mentioned, but that the Viscount's actual experiences have been suppressed and their place taken, with some slight alterations, by one of the conventional accounts of the wonders and horrors of the nether world as conceived by the Irish of that century. Whoever is curious as to the subject might compare Raymund's narrative with the mediæval Irish treatise known as *St. Adamnan's Purgatory*. The Spaniard's story will be found in Philip O'Sullivan's *Historia Hiberniæ*, commencing at p. 18.

Raymund, the reader may be pleased to learn, discovered his dear master suffering torments indeed, but yet in the way of salvation. In the same region he met too a Spanish lady whom he knew, but who had been alive when he left Spain, Donna Aldonza Carolea. She was a relative of the explorer and told him that she suffered because while on earth she used cosmetics and painted. Favouritism was the chief cause of King John's purgatorial sufferings.

STANDISH O'GRADY.

Illusions.

A STRIKING difference between ancient and modern writings on psychological subjects is seen in the great stress laid by the latter on exceptional cases. Aristotle, for instance, when treating of the nature of the soul, of the origin of knowledge, or of the acquisition of habits, assumes as the subject for investigation the normal man, possessed of average faculties and susceptibilities. If eccentric cases, which appear to conflict with his general conclusions, arise, he is not at all disturbed. Resting on the maxim that science deals with the essential and universal, he somewhat contemptuously dismisses irregularities, as occurring merely *per accidens*. In authors of the present day, on the contrary, we find quite an opposite tone of mind. The profoundest reverence is manifested for any monstrosity that may chance to turn up. A quite surprising tenderness is exhibited for the most wayward vagaries of nature. Rare instances are catalogued and classified with the greatest care. Every little peculiarity is detailed at length, and the divergent example, instead of being brusquely set aside as an abortion, becomes an artistic *chef-d'œuvre* before the devout contemplation of the enthusiastic investigator. Now, undoubtedly, it is by careful attention to exceptional cases that some of the most magnificent achievements in science have been gained. What Bacon calls *ostensive instances*, frequently exhibit with peculiar brilliancy some force widely operating, but concealed or obscured, in the ordinary processes of the physical world. The solar eclipse, the transit of a planet, the double refraction of Iceland spar, the magnetic power of the loadstone, the limited rise of water in a pump, are all examples in the history of science of the importance of exceptionally striking occurrences. It is consequently natural that, when the student of physical science approaches the region of mind, the respect which he has acquired for uncommon events should adhere to him. Singular facts may prove as valuable in the new sphere as they did in the old. He

will pay great attention to those among mankind in whom particular mental powers are absent or present in a conspicuous degree. Great aptitudes of memory, of imagination, of intellect, or of will, peculiar fineness of sensibility, as well as blindness, amnesia, aphasia, somnambulism, and the various forms of insanity, constitute for him experiments worked out in the laboratory of nature herself. The activities which he seeks to scrutinize are here intensified, isolated, or variously blended together. The powerful scientific instruments, the methods of agreement and difference, of residues, and of concomitant variations, seem to lie open to him in a branch of study, which, at first sight, appeared to exclude all the rigid tests of exact knowledge. The relations subsisting between memory, imagination, intellect, and the various senses, the amount which each contributes to the total aggregate of cognition, will he now hopes be quickly discovered by a diligent application of the inductive canons. He comes, in fact, expecting that some case of cataract, of amnesia, or of partial insanity, will do for his psychological theories what a transit or an eclipse does for hypotheses in astronomy.

That hopes of this kind are not very likely to be fulfilled, we think most students of the history of psychology in modern times must ultimately recognize. The aid which can be derived from pathological observations will, we fear, never be of very great efficacy in solving metaphysical problems. The single circumstance that writers, claiming to belong to the most advanced thought and research in mental science, have at the present day to appeal to the experiments of Cheselden and Platner in support of their views, establishes this. It is one hundred and sixty years since Cheselden performed the celebrated operation for cataract, and it is over a century since Platner wrote the well known account of his blind patient. The two cases have been repeatedly quoted by opposing partisans on both sides of the question which they are supposed to decide; and, in truth, when all circumstances are considered, they seem to us to tell as much for one party as for the other. Yet, in spite of this, so ambiguous and unsatisfactory are the results of psychological tests of this class, that, taking these venerable experiments as they stand, they are fully as valuable as any made since. If in a disputed question regarding the sun's exact distance, or as to the precise altitude of Mount Tycho in the moon, astronomers were still forced to appeal

to the comparatively rude and imperfect observations of Newton, or Galileo, we should be inclined to judge that they had no very great claims on our reverence and admiration. We should also be probably tempted to suspect that there was something fundamentally wrong in the methods of inquiry pursued in their science, and we should certainly deem them over sanguine if they confidently predicted a rapid and reliable development of their branch of study in the immediate future, by means of instruments which had hitherto effected so little. But this is, to a considerable extent, the position of those positivist writers who base their psychological creeds on the experiences of the hospital and the lunatic asylum. Starting from a false assumption as to the nature of the mind, and pursuing their investigations under an entirely mistaken estimate regarding the value of a certain class of facts, they deduce conclusions which are utterly worthless. Too exclusive attention to abnormal conditions of the mind is sure to exert an injurious influence on the discriminating powers of the investigator. Excessive devotion to the pathological department of mental history combined with antecedent philosophical prejudices, completely perverts the judgment of writers, in other respects sagacious and clear headed enough. The works of Dr. Maudsley, and of Messrs. Taine and Ribot, exhibit clearly this defect. The fact that the great mass of the human race centre round a normal healthy type is forgotten by them. Uncommon occurrences, attracting considerable notice, cause their rarity to be lost sight of; and we actually meet with writers maintaining that the irrefragable convictions of the natural robust intellect should be set aside, for shaky hypotheses, resting on ill-understood forms of mental aberration, which turn up once in a million human minds. The old view of the scope of science is the true one. The proper object of psychology is the *mens sana in corpore sano*. Aristotle is right when he teaches that the duty of the philosopher is to treat of the universal and essential. Often, indeed, has he gone astray by generalizing from too limited an experience, and he has frequently ignored exceptions that would have required a reconstruction of his doctrine, but his judgment on the nature and sphere of scientific knowledge is unimpeachable. Inferences as to the nature of normal mental activity deduced from abnormal specimens, are certain to mislead. A system of ethics based mainly on the moral notions prevalent at Millbank or Dartmoor, would probably be interesting, but it would

scarcely be applicable to average humanity. Dwarfs and giants are after all rarities, and the anthropologist who devoted most of his observation to them, might evolve a system of anatomy verified in Lilliput or the land of the Brobdignag, but not useful in temperate latitudes. It is just the same with psychology. An account of the mind, in which entertaining stories of singularities and monstrosities occupy an inordinate space, will be dangerously fallacious, if it is made the foundation of a theory of real psychical life. It is to obviate a particular group of errors springing from this source that the present paper is directed. This we believe can be most effectually accomplished by examining carefully into the irregularities which meet us in one most important species of mental operation—that of sense-perception.

Abnormal deviations from the regular and truthful working of our senses are spoken of as illusions, or hallucinations. By an illusion is understood broadly any species of counterfeit knowledge, but the term is more commonly confined to such deceptions as pretend to be immediately evident. It is used to designate unfounded beliefs, mistaken memories, and erroneous expectations, just as well as false perceptions of the senses. It is, however, chiefly with the last class of facts we have to deal here. An illusion of sense, then, is an apparent apprehension of some object, by a sensuous faculty, which proves to be untrue. By a false or untrue apprehension, we mean one which disagrees from its object, as that object is perceived by the normal human mind. An illusion differs from a hallucination rather in degree than in kind. The former denotes usually a temporary deception due to the misinterpretation of some object by which it is really affected. The latter, on the contrary, is more permanent, and it consists not so much in the partial distortion as in the complete invention of the object or event. The passenger who mistakes a lamp post for a policeman in a London fog is under an illusion. The fever patient who sees his empty bed-room crowded with people is possessed by a hallucination. Yet the passage from the illusion to the hallucination is gradual. Between the invalid whom a slight cold makes exaggeratedly sensitive to every trifling draught, and the patient in the lunatic asylum who believes that he is a town pump, or that his head is turned the wrong way, the transition is perfectly continuous. Dr. Gutberlet¹ asserts that, from the

¹ *Die Psychologie*, Von Gutberlet, p. 86.

sound and sane man to the maniac whose entire mental constitution has been shattered, there intervenes a series graduated so finely that it is impossible to point out the dividing line which marks off sound cognition from insanity. The progress of the terrible disease of madness testifies to this fact. Sometimes indeed the malady may suddenly manifest itself as the result of an unexpected shock, but more commonly it slowly and gradually undermines the reason. In *King Lear* we have the growth of insanity delineated with a truthfulness that has probably never been surpassed. Distinguished authorities on mental disease bear witness to the wonderful fidelity to nature, which the great dramatist here displays. Every successive phrase, from the first violent storm of passion, when the king discovers the treachery of the elder daughters, to the last heartrending scene before his temporary recovery, is made to reveal the continuous advance of the disorder. Occasional lucid intervals, mingled with outbreaks of ungovernable rage, interrupt the history of the gradual disintegration of the royal mind, but the progress of the malady is steady. And if from the end of the mournful tragedy we cast our eyes back over its course, we shall find ourselves utterly unable to put our finger on any passage and say that it was here Lear's intellect gave way. The simple reason of this is, that in the play, as in real life, the gradations from one state to the other are imperceptible.

At first sight this may seem rather alarming. It is certainly not reassuring to learn that mental derangement is merely a matter more or less with all of us. Still a little reflection may remove our anxiety. The unbroken series of links, which connects the trifling illusions of the healthy intellect with the wild ravings of the madman, is but another illustration of the great law of continuity, which pervades all the works of God. Between the half conscious infant in the cradle, and the statesman or philosopher in the full maturity of his powers, there intervenes a series of stages in physical and mental development which exhibits no break. From the ephemeral mayfly to the elephant who outlives a century, there extends a scale of animal life, from which no step is absent. Yet this arrangement of nature does not confound the statesman with the child, nor identify the elephant with the insect. Pope justly asks :

If white and black blend mingle and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white ?

Sanity is not the same thing as insanity, even if no conspicuous hiatus separates them. Although the deviations from normal sense perception to the extremest forms of illusion may be of every possible magnitude, still this fact does not invalidate the testimony of the healthy faculty. Approaching now more closely the various sources of deception to which perception by the senses lies exposed, we are led in the first place to divide the causes of error into two great classes, according as they belong to the subjective or objective worlds. Our mistakes may arise either from mental influences or from irregular conditions of the material universe, including among the latter the state of our own organism. We cannot here enter into the difficult psychological question of the nature of sense perception, but we may point out the well known fact, that both imagination and memory play a very important part in the cognitive operations of the senses. The material presented to us directly by the power of vision is extremely small. By far the greater part of the information obtained is due to memory, inference, and associated sensations of other faculties faintly revived in the imagination. Thus the sailor's eye recognizes a ship, and can easily distinguish her hull and sails, when the landsman sees only a blurred spot on the horizon. Similarly, an illegible scrawl is easily deciphered if we are acquainted with the matter it recounts. The explanation is simply that memory, fancy, and inference supply the absent, or intensify the faintly present marks. In fact, in all sensuous cognition, a very considerable part of the percept, that is of the mental product which corresponds to the object perceived, is subscribed by the mind from the resources of its previous experiences. Accordingly, the condition of the faculties immediately antecedent to the impression of any particular object, has a most important influence in determining how it will be perceived. If the imagination is powerfully excited, and if we have a vivid expectation of beholding some special occurrence, there is a considerable probability that anything resembling, even remotely, the looked for appearance, will be taken for it. Sometimes when the anticipation is very strong, the mind actually perceives the object where none at all exists. This species of deception is called a subjective sensation, and it is more akin to hallucination than to illusion. Such subjective sensations may work very serious effects on the organism. The pain or pleasure, according to the agreeable or disagreeable character of the

illusion, may be fully as intense as if the appearance was a reality. In a work by Professor Bennet on the *Mesmeric Mania*, there are recounted two incidents which illustrate this point very forcibly.

(a) A clergyman told me, that some time ago suspicions were entertained in his parish, of a woman who was supposed to have poisoned her newly-born infant. The coffin was exhumed, and the Procurator-fiscal who attended with the medical men to examine the body, declared that he already perceived the odour of decomposition, which made him feel faint, and in consequence he withdrew. But, on opening the coffin, it was found to be empty; and it was afterwards ascertained that no child had been born, and consequently no murder committed.

Again: (b) A butcher was brought into the shop of Mr. Macfarlan, the druggist from the market-place opposite, labouring under a terrible accident. The man, on trying to hook up a heavy piece of meat above his head, slipped, and the sharp hook penetrated his arm, so that he himself was suspended. On being examined he was pale, almost pulseless, and expressed himself as suffering acute agony. The arm could not be moved without causing excessive pain; and in cutting off the sleeve he frequently cried out; yet, when the arm was exposed, it was found to be quite uninjured, the hook having only traversed the sleeve of his coat.

Most people have had experiences of cases analogous to the last. If the groundless nature of the various forms of hypochondria, could be always as easily demonstrated, as by the removal of the butcher's sleeve, a not unimportant portion of the smaller miseries of life would be annihilated. In addition to expectation, desire and fear are the mental states which have the largest share in the production of illusion. That the wish is father to the thought, in the calculation of possible emergencies, is generally allowed to be true; but it is not so commonly realized, that intense desire may originate apparent sense-perceptions where the corresponding object does not exist. Nevertheless the necromantic art in the middle ages, and table-turning in recent times, most probably derived at least part of their success from this source. The strength of the inclination to believe in that which we like manifests itself in a great variety of departments of human life. Periodically we find the two greatest political parties, comprising the shrewdest and most observant heads in the kingdom, going down to a general election in the firm conviction that the country is enraptured

¹ Cited in Carpenter's *Mental Physiology*, p. 158.

with their conduct, and disgusted with that of their opponents. The historians of every nation in Europe, with the doubtful exception of the French, are convinced that it was their countrymen who won the Battle of Waterloo. The difficulty with which the solemn warnings of Scripture receive credit, illustrates the same tendency. That the Bible pledges an everlasting reward, has never been questioned; that it denounces an eternity of punishment is stubbornly resisted. Yet, for every passage that promises the former, one equally unmistakeable can be cited in support of the latter. The wish to disbelieve, not the absence of rational evidence, is, in truth, the source of all infidelity. That this motive is frequently not clearly realized increases its force.

Paradoxical as it may at first sight appear, dislike also can contribute to the generation of an illusory belief. The most important constituent in the emotion of fear is aversion; but it is a matter of frequent experience, that a lively fear of any thing tends to create in the mind a counterfeit perception of it. The timid wayfarer, travelling by night, sees a highwayman in every gate-post. The child who has just been listening to ghost stories converts the furniture of his moonlit bed-room into fairies and hobgoblins. Inordinate anxiety generates all sorts of doubts and suspicions:

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong.

The mental process here is akin to that of desire. The immediate effect of both sentiments is intense excitation of the imagination. A vivid picture of the desired, or dreaded event, is conjured up by the fancy, and the image is taken for the reality. If the object of the idea is not some external fact, but an action of the individual himself, there ensues a vigorous impulse to work out its realization. When thinking eagerly the lips begin to move and the limbs dispose themselves to carry out the contemplated deed. The passions and feelings, which the tragedian has made his own, naturally issue in appropriate gesture. The most remarkable example of this phenomenon is the singular inclination to cast oneself over, often experienced when gazing down from the brink of a lofty position. The comparatively large number of deaths caused by men precipitating themselves from well known sites, like Clifton Bridge or the Monument, may in part be due to the force of example, and to the love of display, sometimes powerfully

operating on the minds of men meditating self-destruction. But it is also probable that many such apparent cases of suicide were really involuntary acts, over which the agent had no immediate control. Most persons who have ventured near the edge of a steep cliff, or who have stood upon the top of a high building, will have been conscious of a strange unpleasant feeling, not due merely to the dread of accidentally slipping over. On such occasions, where there is a substantial defence in the shape of a wall or railing, this danger is removed, yet the disagreeable feeling does not vanish. Careful observation of our mental state at the time will reveal an unmistakeable element of alarm, lest we should actually throw ourselves down. We are conscious of a vague inclination to act out the terrible catastrophe, which rises up so vividly before our imagination, and we shrink back in fear lest we may be overpowered by the temptation. The impulsive force of such an idea varies with the constitution of the individual, and the state of his nerves at the time, and custom, as in the case of sailors and builders, may completely destroy its power.

In the abnormal mental states, which we have so far discussed, the causes of the aberration have been mainly subjective. These sources of illusion were often noticed, incidentally, by ancient writers, and Aristotle emphasizes the influence of imagination in all sensuous cognition. They were not, however, investigated in detail. Most attention was directed to objective causes of error, and these latter were classified, and marked out as conditions to be taken into account, when formulating a criterion for the veracity of the senses. Still deception, even externally originated, was held to be very rare, and the right use of our faculties was assumed to be the practically universal characteristic of waking life. In Mr. Sully's treatise on *Illusions*, which is the most complete little work that has appeared in English on the subject, both internal and external sources of deception are treated at considerable length. The book is in some points very fair, but, unfortunately, the sensationalist views of the author seriously diminish its utility, whenever he approaches any properly philosophical question. It is, however, a matter of some satisfaction to the disciple of the Peripatetic school, to find that even a writer so full of the modern spirit as Mr. Sully, is forced to adopt an arrangement of the causes of error fundamentally identical with that of the scholastic philosophy. He classifies illusions as active and passive. The former depart-

ment comprises all those various forms of aberration which have their root in the mind itself, and so corresponds to the class we have been hitherto discussing. In the second group, the mind is looked on as patient, and the error is originated from without. These non-mental causes of illusion he places either in the organism, or in the environment. We have here, in fact, marked out for us the well known conditions for the veracity of the senses, which are laid down in all Catholic philosophical text-books, from the thirteenth century to the present day. The faculty must be diligently applied to its formal or proper object; the medium intervening between the object and the sense-organ must be in its normal state; and, finally, the organism itself must be sound and healthy. If all these conditions are fulfilled illusions are rendered impossible, and the sense is an infallible instrument.

The first rule is that a faculty be interrogated only with regard to its *formal object*. The formal object of a sense is that special department in external nature, that particular aspect of the material universe which the faculty in question is ordained to present to the mind. Thus understood, the formal object of sight is coloured surface, of taste the flavour of sapid bodies, of hearing sound, of smell the odour of bodies, and of touch the resistance, or the temperature of bodies. Vision does not consequently inform us directly of distance or magnitude. Without entering upon the philosophical controversy, as to whether the eye of the infant possesses any native power of perceiving the third dimension of space, we may assume it as pretty universally allowed, that in mature life visual estimation of distance is arrived at by a complicated though rapid process of inference. When we cast our glance across a valley to the hill on the other side, we appear to see the intervals of space which lie between the several objects standing at different distances in the direct line of vision. As a matter of fact, however, what the eye really does see, is simply a coloured surface variously shaded, and containing figures which subtend various angles, and whose outlines are more or less clearly discernible. By previous experience we have learned that particular forms of light and shade perspectively arranged, and possessing outlines of different degrees of distinctness, indicate the greater or less remoteness of familiar objects. In this way, by a species of unconscious inference, we assign to the numberless figures their relative positions. The degree of convergence

required to concentrate the axes of the two eyes on the point observed, and the apparent size of objects whose real magnitude we know, assists us in the process. Habitual exercise so improves our power of reasoning from these appearances, and the operation becomes so rapid in mature life, that we do not ordinarily distinguish the steps at all, but seem to ourselves to have an immediate perception of distance by the eye alone. Careful observation, however, of the faculty of vision, and a variety of experiments, establish that this is not the case, and that the formal object of sight is merely coloured surface. The stereoscope, the perspective arrangements of stage scenery, and the entire act of painting, are founded upon this fact. They are all designed to take advantage of the circumstance, that the eye is not directly percipient of distance, and their success is estimated by the completeness with which they produce illusion. Judgments as to the propinquity of sounding bodies are liable to the same error. The direction from whence the noise comes, and the remoteness of the cause of the sensation, are entirely a matter of inference. The intensity of the impression, and its different character as experienced by right and left ear, along with our previous knowledge of this particular form of sound, constitute the premisses of our reasoning as to its distance and direction. Ventriloquism illustrates the possibility of illusion from the same source. Our expectation is fixed by the performer on some special place, and the faintness or intensity of the sound which he produces is made to suit, not the interval of space lying between him and us, but that between ourselves and the fictitious locus of the voice. Those passages in music which simulate the chiming of distant bells, the gathering of clans before the battle, or the approach and departure of marching troops, are all familiar examples of the same phenomenon. The complete incapacity, of either sight, or hearing, by themselves, to give information on the subject of distance, becomes strikingly evident, when they are turned towards some object or occurrence, where the materials of our previous experiences are altogether inapplicable. When we attempt to estimate by our eye the space which lies between us and a star, or to judge by the ear of the distance of thunder or any other unusual noise, we feel how helpless is the sense employed, and how complicated is the inference in question.

Besides the possibility of error, which arises when a sense is interrogated outside of its special domain, an important class of

mistakes may be traced to some abnormal disposition of the medium, which intervenes between the sense organ and its appropriate object. If we look at the sun through a piece of red or green glass it will appear correspondingly coloured. If a dull wintry landscape is observed through a transparent substance of a slightly yellow tint, it acquires a golden autumnal appearance. The magic effects of the transformation scene at the pantomime are the result of the skilful management of coloured lights; and spectral apparitions are most commonly produced by the manipulation of concave mirrors at the sides of the stage. The mirage of the desert, which creates before the eye of the wearied traveller the glassy waters of the lake, is due to the derangement of the atmospheric medium by the abnormal heat of the sandy ground. If irregular conditions of the medium, however, can cause deception in a sense regarding its formal object, *a fortiori* can they do so in the matter of its indirect acquisitions. Our estimation of distance and magnitude may be thus altogether invalidated. The broken appearance of the oar in the water, the imaginary object at the back of the looking-glass, and the magnifying effects of the microscope and the telescope, are all instances of illusion caused by interference with the medium, which usually lies between the object and the eye. Similarly a figure seen through a fog is enlarged, owing to the vagueness of the outline, causing us to exaggerate the distance. Akin to this class of illusions are some others, due, not precisely to the medium, but to the unusual presence or absence of materials for comparison. The empty rooms of a house in the process of building always look smaller than they really are, because we have not the customary furniture to call our attention to the capacity of the space. Similarly an inordinately large table diminishes the apparent size of a chamber. On the other hand, a multiplicity of small objects magnifies a given amount of room. A field with stacks of corn scattered over it, a harbour with ships, or an orchard studded with apple trees, seems far larger than the same space when empty. Connected with this is the curious phenomenon of the enlarged appearance of the sun or moon, when near the horizon, as compared with the same body when near the zenith. The refraction of the atmosphere may contribute slightly to this effect, but the main cause of the augmentation consists in the presence of intervening objects. That the angle subtended by the sun at the eye is substantially the same in both positions, is

shown by the fact that if we look through a tube, which shuts out the interposed scenery, the apparent size will be the same in both cases. Why then do we seem to see him much larger just before setting, or after rising, than when he is high in the heavens? The answer is this: If we look at the sun when overhead there is nothing to make us realize the vast space which lies between him and us, and we are merely conscious that a circular figure, possibly not very far off, subtends a certain angle at our eye. When, however, the sun is close to the earth, we behold a great stretch of intervening land with trees and hill-tops which force upon us his enormous distance. Consequently though the image formed on the retina of the eye is of the same magnitude in both cases, we judge the object to be larger at the time when its remoteness is more vividly recognized. Thus, what superficially considered appears to be an immediate perception of magnitude, is really an elaborate inference.¹

Abnormal conditions of the environment have analogous effects on the sense of hearing. The illusion produced by an echo is similar to that of the looking-glass. Just also as an opaque body casts a shadow when intercepting light, so may any large intervening mass diminish the intensity of sound. In a very rarified atmosphere the force of sound is lowered in a surprising degree. De Saussure judged the explosion of a pistol, at the top of Mont Blanc, to be about equal to that of a common cracker below.² Want of homogeneity in the intervening medium can interrupt, reflect, or change the character of sound just as of light. Heavy clouds often re-echo sounds. In a clear atmosphere the report of a cannon on a level plain is short and hard, if clouds are overhead the noise becomes a dull rumbling roar. Where such variations in the medium do not reflect sound they partially or completely interrupt its transmissions. Humboldt noticed that at a short distance from the great falls of Orinoco, the cataract seemed far louder by night

¹ Berkeley controverted this explanation, though we cannot see that it is irreconcilable with his theory of vision. He accounts for the phenomenon by the fainter appearance of the heavenly body when near the horizon owing to the intervention of a greater quantity of air. This he maintains to have a similar magnifying power to that which we have attributed a little way back to a foggy atmosphere. If Berkeley were right the object should seem still magnified when observed through a tube; that this is not the case may be established by each one for himself. (Cf. *Berkeley's Works* by Fraser, vol. i. §§ 67—76.)

² Cf. Tyndall, *On Sound*, p. 8.

than by day, although the hum of insects, and the bellowing of wild animals during the darkness, ought to have lessened its force. His explanation of the phenomenon is given by Professor Tyndall:

Between him and the falls lay a vast grassy plain with multitudes of bare rocks protruding from it. When exposed to the sun these rocks assumed a temperature far higher than that of the adjacent grass; over each of them, therefore, rose a column of heated air, less dense than that which surrounded it. Thus by day the sound had to pass through an atmosphere which frequently changed its density; the partial echoes at the limiting surfaces of rare and dense air were incessant, and the sound was consequently enfeebled. At night those differences of temperature ceased to exist, and the sound waves travelling through a homogeneous atmosphere reached the ear undiminished by reflection.¹

A mixture of different media, each of itself transparent, can similarly interrupt light altogether, as we see in the opacity of foam or powdered glass.

In addition to errors arising from the interrogation of a sense beyond its proper sphere, and to those which have their root in an irregular disposition of the medium, there remains the very important class of illusions and hallucinations, which spring from an unhealthy state of the organism. This source of deception has always been recognized, but increased attention to the pathology of the nervous system, and to the various forms of mental disease, has brought it into greater prominence of late. In the first place, we notice that a sense-organ may suffer from certain permanent defects, and its sensibility may in consequence be more or less mutilated. Thus, in addition to partial deafness and short-sightedness, we find the curious deficiency of colour-blindness, and the complete absence of musical discrimination, in individuals with whom the particular sense is in every other respect in a normal condition. The natural eye can distinguish three primary colours and their combinations to the extent of above eight hundred tints, while the colour-blind vary in point of susceptibility from mere incapacity for the perception of one definite colour, and the corresponding combinations, to complete insensibility to all chromatic differences. In the case of these last the rainbow exhibits a series of shades of light, varying only in degrees of whiteness or darkness. Colour-blindness to this extent is very rare, but obtuseness to fine distinctions, and even inability to

¹ Loc. cit. p. 18.

appreciate red, or green, are surprisingly frequent, especially amongst the male sex. When this defect exists in sailors, or railway servants, it becomes a matter of grave importance. It has been estimated that in England about one man in eighteen, and one woman in two hundred-and-fifty, are at least partially colour-blind, while on the continental railways as large a proportion as four per cent. are more or less insensible to important signal colours.¹ The danger is rendered graver by the fact that very often the individual may pass a great part of his life completely unconscious of the difference which separates his powers of perception from those of his neighbour.

The explanation of this incapacity seems to lie in the existence in the retina of different species of nerves, which are sensible to different kinds of colour. According to the theory of Young and Helmholtz each elementary portion of the surface of the retina is supplied with three nerve-fibrils, adapted for the reception of the sensations of red, green, and violet. Obtuseness to any particular colour will then be due to the congenital absence, or paralysis, of the requisite class of nerve. Besides permanent disability due to the malformation of the organ, errors may arise through temporary fatigue, or disarrangement of one set of nerves. A recent ingenious form of advertisement sought to attract attention by calling notice to the fact, that if the eye is fixed on a round spot of a brilliant colour, it will see a similar spot of the complementary hue when immediately afterwards directed towards a plain white surface. Some medicines have a like effect in deadening the sensitiveness of the nerves which respond to a given colour. Santonin induces colour-blindness to violet. Similarly the disease of jaundice gives things a yellow tinge, while in gas-light we are all partially colour-blind to violet hues. Want of ear for musical harmony is even more widely extended than colour-blindness. The defect in musical discrimination should, however, be compared rather with insusceptibility for the artistic effects of colour contrast, than with inability to recognize particular forms of colour. The appreciation of both musical and chromatic harmony is largely amenable to education. It is found that some persons, endowed with the power of distinguishing very clearly fine differences of sound, have no ear for harmony or

¹ *Modern Chromatics*, Rood, p. 97, &c. According to this author Dr. Favre in an examination of employés on French railways, found that 98 out of 1050, or nearly 10 per cent. were colour-blind!

melody, whilst others partially deaf have reached a high position both as critics and as composers. Similarly some painters who have had very considerable success were at least partially colour-blind.¹ Taste and smell have a far narrower range than the senses of which we have just been speaking, and as they are of such an essentially subjective character, it is almost impossible to secure for them any safe standard of comparison. Still it is well known, that a trifling illness may modify or completely pervert them for the time. Even when in perfect health, they soon become dull and insensible to widely different kinds of stimulus. The experiment of trying to discriminate blindfold, and without the assistance of smell, whether a glass contains sherry or port, has often proved humiliating to connoisseurs. After a single glass of either wine has been taken, most people will find the decision a matter of some difficulty.

Sensations of touch are markedly affected by the condition of the organism. Our perception of temperature is almost entirely relative to our present state. Impressions of weight and resistance vary with the vigour and languor of the body. Light pressure on parts of the skin unaccustomed to such contact may be enormously over-estimated, while we are completely unconscious that our entire weight is resting on a small portion of the sole of either foot, when we are walking. In the localization of a sensation by touch alone, error is very possible, if the organism be in an abnormal condition. In cases where a limb has been amputated, if the end of one of the intersected nerves be irritated the mind instinctively assigns the excitation to the ancient peripheral extremity, oblivious of the fact that this part no longer exists. There is a story told of an old soldier, whose leg had been cut off, and who was so convinced by the persistency of the sensations of tickling which he experienced, that these were due to the irritation of the sole of the severed foot, that the limb had to be recovered and preserved in order that he might by rubbing it allay the unpleasant feeling. G. H. Lewes cites the case of a patient of Dr. Weir Mitchell, who, in describing the sensation said: "If I was to say I am more sure of the leg which *aint*, than of the one which *air*, I guess I should be about correct." The illusions of *delirium tremens*, and of many forms of madness, are caused by mistaking internal irritation of the nerves for external natural sensations. There is in fact a very close

¹ Cf. Rood, p. 100.

relationship between intoxication and insanity. Dr. Carpenter tells us that :

The states of mind temporarily produced by *intoxicating agents*—alcohol, opium, hachisch, and the like—are closely akin to one another in this fundamantal character ; as they are also to the delirium of fevers or other diseases, which is due to the introduction of morbid matter into the blood, whereby a *zymosis* or fermentation of its own materials is produced, which gives it a poisonous action on the brain. . . . And it is the *temporary* character alone, which differentiates the mental perversion of intoxication and delirium from that which is *persistent* in insanity.¹

The hallucinations of lunacy are due, either to derangement of the functions of the cerebrum, caused by the presence of poisonous materials in the blood, or to some organic disease which has already seized on the substance of the brain. The method of cure is to discover, and counteract or remove the noxious agent. The success of modern treatment is due to the recognition that the malady generally has its source in some abnormal condition of the brain or nervous system, and to its consequent endeavour to raise the general physical health of the patient to the highest attainable condition. The numbers of the insane to the whole population varies in different countries, but as the value of statistics also changes, little reliance can be placed on international comparison. In England there appear to be about two hundred-and-eighty persons insane out of every one hundred thousand, or one in every three hundred and seventy. Although this number is large when we consider the gravity of the affliction, still looked at from a scientific point of view the abnormal cases are obviously very rare.

We have now traced out the various sources from which illusions may proceed. We have seen that peculiar dispositions of the mind itself may be the efficient cause of a large quantity of mistakes in sensuous perception, but even when due precautions are taken to obviate dangers from this quarter, other possibilities of error still remain. These depend mainly on : 1. want of clearness as to the proper sphere of each faculty ; 2. an irregular arrangement of the medium lying between the object and the observer ; 3. an unhealthy condition either of the particular sense-organ employed, or of the brain and nervous system as a whole. When all these fountains of error, both subjective and objective, have been guarded against, our senses become to us

¹ Cf. *Mental Physiology*, p. 637.

infallible instruments of knowledge. In starting we defined illusion as divergence from normal perception, and we have consequently abstained from discussing the relations between normal perception itself and reality. This question, as to the nature of the agreement between knowledge in general and external being, constitutes the great problem which the various theories of cognition seek to answer. The subject, however, which we have been treating, has been introduced into the controversy by some philosophers, and vigorous attempts have been made from the existence of deception in some cases to establish the untrustworthiness of our knowledge as a whole. If all our sensations are modified by varying circumstances, if each individual faculty is liable to error, and if the whole collection of our cognitive powers may be perverted by disease, how can we be sure that even the normal mind is in agreement with objective reality? Adopting the sceptical view¹ M. Taine actually defines knowledge as a *true hallucination*; by which he means a universal illusion.

To this we must reply that the most extended investigations into this department of psychology neither have proved, nor can prove, anything against the truth or validity of cognition in general. In the first place, making the most liberal allowances as to the existence of illusions, the fact that one man in a score is insensible to some shade of colour, that an individual whose leg has been amputated does not feel precisely as normal two-legged humanity, and that one person in every three hundred is, through some malformation or disease of the brain, deprived of part of the natural endowments of the rest of mankind, these facts, we maintain, are worth nothing against the sound and healthy consciousness of the human race at large.

But let us assume, for the sake of argument, that it were the other way; let us suppose that the majority were more or less mentally incapacitated, and that those possessed of sound minds were relatively as few as the demented are at present; let us imagine the world to be a gigantic asylum, replete with every form of mental eccentricity, and containing rational men in about the same proportion as the officials stand to the insane in existing mad-houses. A hypothetical world of this description would, we admit, give rise to serious difficulties in that portion of metaphysics which maintains the world to be governed by a beneficent

¹ *Intelligence*, p. 264.

Providence ; but, that such a state of things would constitute any genuine philosophical argument against the validity of the knowledge of the rational minority we cannot perceive. Philosophical truths cannot be demonstrated by the counting of heads, sound or unsound. Whether the rational beings are few or many, compared with the total number of creatures on a planet, has no relevancy at all in deciding the trustworthiness of the natural mind. Reason is its own guarantee, it is the witness of its own infallibility. We are so accustomed to appeal to the common sense of mankind, that we are in danger of forgetting that objective evidence, discerned by the individual reason, is the ultimate criterion of certainty. We live in a world where the vast majority of men possess intelligences similar to our own, and consequently when our judgment comes into conflict with a universal opinion we are somewhat staggered, and we reconsider the grounds of our belief, knowing from experience that such divergencies on our part commonly have their origin in want of consideration. But, were this not the case, did we live in a region where nearly all the other inhabitants were insane, it would be otherwise. A single man possessed of sound intellect in such a society would rapidly come to realize the difference between himself and the irrational beings who surrounded him, and he would soon have, on those matters which were evident to him, as perfect certainty as if he were corroborated by a nation of philosophers. The simpler arithmetical truths when once discovered, would be as necessarily true for him as for us, and he would not be disturbed by want of confirmation by his fellows. Intelligence can vindicate itself, irrationality cannot. The sane man can reflect, compare, and deliberate ; he can not only apprehend certain truths, but he can clearly grasp the grounds which render them certain. In doing this he recognizes his own consistency. The unsound mind can, on the other hand, give no account of its beliefs, it is dominated by an idea, or an impulse, which reflection cannot justify, and therefore lies exposed to ludicrous inconsistencies. The existence, then, of imperfectly formed brains and sense-organs, or even the greater or less prevalence of illusions, are altogether out of court in the decision of the question as to the capacity of the normal mind for the attainment of truth. That this is the case, is now admitted by the most acute of non-Catholic writers. Lotze, amid some excellent remarks on the natural priority which metaphysics possesses over psychological theories of knowledge, justly

observes : "The psychological history of the origin of an error only conveys the proof that it is an error, on supposition that we are previously acquainted with the truth, and can thus be sure that the originating condition of the error involved a necessary aberration from that truth."¹

From a completely opposite school, Mr. Sully is forced to allow "that the very conception of illusion implies a criterion of certainty ; and to call a thing illusory is to judge it by reference to some accepted standard of truth."² It is pretty evident, then, from every point of view, that the existence of accidental error forms no argument against the veracity of the normal faculty. In the earlier part of this essay we asserted that an overestimate of the importance of irregular forms of mental activity, and unwarranted deductions from exceptional facts, tended far more to injure than to benefit genuine psychology. That such is the case in the subject with which we have dealt must, we believe, now appear clear. The limits of our space have confined us to the investigation of the extent and significance of one particular species of abnormal psychical operation—that within the field of perception—but a similar examination into other departments of the pathology of the mind establishes the same conclusion universally. Erratic or disordered modes of consciousness, whether they be described as *Les Maladies de la Volonté*, or *Les Maladies de la Personnalité*, are of no more value in deciding metaphysical questions as to the nature of the mind, than illusions of sense-perception in solving the problem of normal cognition.

M. MAHER.

¹ Lotze, *Metaphysic*, p. 13. Translated by Bosanquet.

² *Illusions*, p. 350. He also maintains that "our preceding analysis of illusion involves no particular philosophic theory as to the nature of intelligence. . . . Each of the two great opposed doctrines, the intuitive and the associational, would claim to be in a position to be able to take up these facts into its particular theory, and to view them in its own way" (p. 354).

The Formulary of Pope Hormisdas.

See *The Holy See and the Wanderings of the Nations*, page 167, by
Thomas W. Allies, K.C.S.G.

"THE Chalice Jesus raised, the Bread He brake,
Emperor, and ye his bishops of the East
Who share the empire's, not the Church's feast,
At Peter's board demand not to partake
Until not less those Words which Jesus spake,
'Peter thou art: upon this Rock I build
My Church'—Creative Words in act fulfilled—
Make way into your hearts for Jesus' sake."
Thus wrote Hormisdas. Onward as a wind
That Spirit Divine Who o'er the waters moved
Wafted his legates saintly and approved:
Two thousand and five hundred bishops signed
The Pontiff's "Rule"¹ in Christ's own words confessed:
Died the revolt. That hour God's Church found rest.

AUBREY DE VERE.

¹ *Regula Fidei.*

Olympias.

PROEM.

ATHENS by moonlight !

Can any scene be grander, as we stand on Mount St. George, not a league from the city, and go back in mind, picturing it as it was in the second half of the twelfth century ?

First and foremost, our eyes rest on the Acropolis which was once the sanctuary and safeguard of heroes, the memory of whose deeds still lives in the memory of mankind and shall do so till time itself is no more.

On its highest summit gleams the proud Parthenon, the silver moonbeams glistening on fluted column and sculptured frieze. There she stands in all her grand simplicity, proudly, as if conscious of her artistic beauty, and yet sadly too, as if foreseeing the fettered future of the city she had guarded and cherished from her birth.

Yet, that fair city on such a night as this is beautiful to behold, and like a whited sepulchre betrays not the rottenness within. The yellow moon shines clear and full, and floods of pale light bathe richly-carved portico and ivy-twined colonnade, causing them to stand out undimmed and bold, in all their native delicacy of outline.

The low splash of the waves softly reaches the ear in the solemn stillness of the night ; the night wind rustles in the leafy groves ; sweet-scented odours are wafted from wooded glens, where Philomel pours forth her wondrous heart-plaint ; above and around breathes the mighty power of nature, speaking thrillingly to those who will stay to listen, and forcing even her enemies to declare that she is stronger than philosophy, more enduring than beauty, and more refreshing than wisdom to the wayward storm-tossed heart of man.

CHAPTER I.

CAPTURED.

ON the night, when this record of the shadows of the past commences, a light barque skimmed smoothly and noiselessly along the calm waste of waters. The oars were muffled and its occupants seemed tongue-tied. In unbroken silence the helmsman guided his tiny craft in the bright moonshine, past the famous port, past the slumbering city, past the colossal statue of Pallas, that shone out in all its grandeur, as the silver rays of the moon lit up the graceful form and outstretched arms of the fair sentinel of the city.

On, on the little boat glided, till craggy rock and luxuriant undergrowth attested that civilization had been left behind, and nature in all her wild grandeur reigned supreme and undisturbed.

Then, and not till then was the craft allowed to slacken speed; and as she slowly pursued her course amid floating lily and bending rush, one of the three inmates rose and uttered a melancholy cry, like that of a bird in distress.

It was responded to instantaneously: for one brief moment a light shone from a dark belt of trees which crowned a neighbouring height, shone, and then vanished.

The boat was run into a creek and moored to a tree. Then the night-travellers sat and waited for a signal. It was given in an unexpected manner.

Before twenty minutes had elapsed a man emerged from the sombre depths of the forest. His venerable aspect and noble head, crowned with silver hair, made him seem more like an ancient patriarch than the leader of a brigand band.

Yet so indeed he was!

Demetrius was once a priest of the Greek Church, and as such, was highly respected in Athens. But ambition would not let him rest content. He yearned to be the leader of a party and have admirers in the Court as well as in the pulpit. His puny efforts for fame, however, brought him in contact with the vain and pedantic Anna Comnena. Stung by some caustic remark of his regarding her literary abilities, she became his deadly foe, and never rested till she had him expelled from his

high office, on a false charge that his speeches had a revolutionary tendency, and fomented discord among the people.

His enemies (and what public man has not enemies?) took this opportunity to crush their fallen foe. They accused him of being connected with some foul conspiracy, and knowing that justice would not be meted out to him, Demetrius fled to the mountains for refuge, carrying with him his only child—the mild and gentle Zoe. He dwelt there for years, becoming more and more confirmed as a sour misanthrope; his heart grew hardened, his mind became dulled, right and wrong got intermixed, and in process of time he gloried in being the rebel his foes had called him. He had let the desire of revenge eat into his heart till he thought it a noble deed to rally round him the malcontents and urge them to overthrow the ruling powers and strike for the freedom of Athens.

A band of desperadoes and enthusiasts called him their leader, men who fancied themselves selected by Providence to perpetrate deeds, the very thought of which makes us shudder, who imagined that the crime of regicide would procure them eternal life, and who aimed at overthrowing the prevailing system, to establish a tyranny which differed little but in name, from that which they essayed to destroy. The political horizon augured favourably for such an attempt.

The Emperor Alexis Comnenus was slowly sinking into the grave. It was rumoured that his consort, the Empress Irene, was at the head of a faction to place her accomplished daughter, Anna, on the throne, to the exclusion of her hated offspring, John, in derision surnamed "The Handsome." There were two other claimants to the throne who maintained that they came in direct descent from the Empress Theodora, she having been privately married, as they could bring forward witnesses to attest. Each party had its supporters at Court—and when we add to this the fact that the country was overrun with people of all nations, crowding to the Holy War in Palestine, many of them but hardy adventurers, who cared nought against whom they wielded their arms, and were just as ready to share in the feuds that tore Constantinople, as cross the channel and wage war against the Saracens—when we take all this into consideration, we shall see that now was the time for Greece to fight for her liberty, and throw off the Byzantine trammels which galled her so terribly.

The poor enthusiast's heart glowed within him as he pictured

the freedom of Greece, wrought by his own hand, and he even forgot his private revenge as he heard himself hailed the saviour of his much-loved land.

Patriotism, the highest of virtues, is yet often, alas! a cloak for the lowest deeds; and so this misguided fanatic bent his rare mental qualities to the spreading and organization of a vast secret society, which held its meetings in the deep gloom of the forest, from whence he organized, plotted, planned, and directed schemes of the boldest daring, of the most consummate skill. Demetrius never left his mountain hold; he delegated the active command of the rebels to one, Sebas, a young man of gloomy, morose sentiments, who held the wildest ideas on liberty and patriotism, and whose prodigions strength and attested bravery caused him to be dreaded alike by foes and compatriots.

He it was who sprang up to greet Demetrius. "How have you fared to-night, Sebas?" inquired the elder; "the boat seems heavily laden."

"We have taken a spy," answered the other in his harsh powerful voice; "he is probably in the pay of the Imperial Court. His parchments and weapon we have taken from him."

He drew from his tunic a dagger richly chased, and gleaming with jewels; this, with a roll of papyrus, he delivered to Demetrius. The light from his torch flared on the prisoner, lying securely fastened at the bottom of the boat. His slender white hands were stained with blood, his golden hair was dabbled in gore; he was unconscious from a deep wound in his left temple, which bled profusely.

"Poor dog!" said Demetrius, after one swift glance at him; "he seems but a youth, and a gay one, too, to judge by his gaudy trappings. Thou hast been somewhat harsh in thy treatment, methinks. That gash is a deep and a deadly one."

"Not a whit more than he deserves," muttered Sebas, with an ugly scowl. "Death and destruction to all traitors say I, by St. Mary and the Rood. He would have been dead ere this, and the dogs growling o'er his bones, but thy gentle Zoe wrung from me a promise that no lives should be lost to-night."

As he pronounced her name his whole expression changed to one of tender reverence. Only for a moment, however. It was with his usual discontented scowl that he added:

"What are we to do with his useless body? Toss it into the water? The sea is too good a grave for one like him."

"My son," said Demetrius, reprovingly ; "we seek not the death of *any* man. Treason must be proved ere we shed a comrade's blood. Bear him to the temple, and we will see if little Zoe can cure his wounds."

Obediently, though with reluctance, Sebas hoisted his unconscious burden, and turned to follow Demetrius, with a surly : "I am ready."

CHAPTER II.

THE GREAT WHITE CROSS.

AFTER passing through a tangled mass of briars and flowering foliage, they emerged into a cleared space, in the centre of which stood what had once been a temple to Ceres. Mutilated fragments of statues still strewed the earth ; broken pillars and defaced tablets lay scattered around. Some few of these had been tenderly raised, and creeping plants taught to twine their delicate tendrils round the trophies of ancient art.

The eastern part of the temple was less dilapidated ; it showed signs of habitation. The portico was adorned with tall marble vases ; olives and vines were skilfully arranged so as to serve at once for ornament and use. Statuettes stood in niches on either side of the entrance, nor were ivy and the wild convolvulus wanting to adorn this favoured abode of the goddess.

On reaching his dwelling-place, Demetrius hastened his steps ; entering the temple, he traversed a long passage, and ascended some marble steps which led into what once had evidently been the cella, or outer chamber, where the worshippers had assembled to perform their devotions.

At the extreme end of this apartment, which was oblong in shape, was a deep recess or niche, in which knelt a girl at the foot of a large marble cross, before which burned a small red lamp, the only light in the room.

The flickering flame glowed dimly on her kneeling form. It glimmered faintly on the small shapely head bowed in earnest devotion. It failed to reveal the lustre of her large brown eyes that were at once so trustful and so sad. It lingered over the silky long hair that flowed unconfined almost to her feet, it fell softly on the fragile tiny hands that looked too small to support the richly illuminated missal over which she was bending.

This maiden had grown up in the midst of wild faction and bloody strife, sweet and guileless as a flower. She seemed to live in an environment of peace, and all who approached her felt this unseen influence. Even wild Sebas, as we have seen, fell beneath her sway; and now while Demetrius was explaining what service he required from her, Sebas, with more humanity than yet he had shown, began to dress the wound of the so-called spy.

Assisted by Zoe, the operation did not take long, and then they prepared a couch for the sufferer. He had moaned several times, and once he had opened his eyes, but he was not sufficiently conscious to exhibit surprise or dismay at his position.

When he was comfortably esconced beneath a daintily embroidered coverlet and his head propped on silken cushions, Demetrius said:

"Now, Sebas, we have done our part; we will retire to discuss matters of import. It is Zoe's task, aided by her slaves, to nurse him back to strength. Then if he be as you surmise, he must be passed over to the Council and be dealt with as he deserves; if you are mistaken, he must take the secret oath ere we let him depart."

"Dead men tell no tales," muttered Sebas, then seeing Zoe's reproachful glance, he added, with an attempt at graciousness: "You have the right to do as you like with your prisoner, I delivered him into your hands."

"Never fear, justice shall be meted out to him, and if it is tempered with prudence our cause will not suffer. Dost thou need a torch, Sebas, to guide thee on the way to our secret meeting-place?"

"No: every step is as familiar to me as the streets of Athens. I can wind the maze easily by night as by day. Besides, I doubt not that the prayers of thy gentle Zoe have preceded me on the way."

He glanced with a certain entreaty at the maid who was bending over the sufferer.

"Sebas knows," she answered meekly, "that my prayers are offered for all those engaged in this perilous enterprise. May the Virgin guard and protect you all in the hour of danger!"

She turned her attention again to the sick man, who was moaning feebly, held a cooling drink to his lips, and never noticed the departure of Sebas, who after vainly waiting for

another word from her, turned away at last with a weary gnawing at his heart because of her indifference to him.

Meanwhile, Zoe and her maids passed the dreary hours of night in tending the prisoner. At last her patient skill was rewarded. The sufferer opened his eyes and saw bending over him—an angel—a spirit—a nymph—he knew not what, something which had a form of surpassing loveliness, and eyes full of a pitying compassion.

Was it a dream?

If so, it was a very pleasant one, and he was in no hurry to dispel the illusion. So he sank back on his pillows and revelled in the dreamy sensation. His head still throbbed and he had a tight pain across his brow. He did not relapse again into utter unconsciousness. He felt soft hands smooth his ruffled bandages, he heard the low sweet voice singing hymns to the Virgin Mother. He saw the slight figure flit hither and thither, sometimes telling her beads at the foot of the marble cross sometimes bend over him and feel his pulse or gently touch his brow; and he lay quite still, too weak to wish to speak, and only once smiled up in the maiden's face, then closed his eyes and gradually fell into a sound slumber, during which he dreamed he wandered in Elysian fields with a maiden who had soft brown eyes.

CHAPTER III.

THE BIRD ENSNARED.

WHEN he awoke he was alone. The sunbeams were glowing on the leaves outside; a few stray rays found their way into the room and lighted the great white cross with a thousand brilliant hues. It was all very peaceful and very quiet; but the stranger moved uneasily in his pain. He was dissatisfied: he could hardly tell why! He tried to exert his memory though the effort hurt his head. He had a vague idea of having wandered the night before, of stopping to listen to the nightingale. He had a vague idea of being suddenly attacked, denounced as a spy, of fighting desperately for his life and of being overcome.

But he wanted to remember something else, he had lost something, very sweet and very precious, which had been his

for a few brief moments only; he had lost the memory even of it now, and he would never be quite the same again.

He heard some one enter and looked up eagerly, hoping the person might give him a clue, but he fell back disappointed, for it was only an old man with snow-white hair who entered.

When he saw that the stranger was conscious, Demetrius approached the couch, and made cold but kind inquiries as to the state of his wounds. These were answered briefly and almost fretfully; the invalid was trying, trying to remember—what?

Demetrius was puzzled at his manner. It was more like that of a wayward boy to an indulgent father, than a prisoner in unknown hands, ignorant whether he should live to see another dawn. And indeed he looked very youthful as he lay back with his golden hair lying loose on his pillow, an expression of disdain and suspicion on his lips, and his eyes still glittering with a feverish eagerness for the satisfaction of an indefinable want.

Demetrius felt an unwonted softness creep into his rugged heart, and he had to steel himself ere he commenced his interrogation as to who and what he was.

With a graceful gesture of disdain the prisoner folded his lips, and refused to reply.

"Youth," said Demetrius, as if he were addressing a spoilt child, "do you know you are in my power? I have saved your life, though your foes were ruthless and severe, and knew not the name of pity. But I, I was touched at thy tender age, I thought of the lamentation thy death would cause in some gentle mother's heart, and I saved you. But in token of gratitude I demand your confidence, and a pledge of eternal secrecy as to aught you have seen or heard amongst us."

"It never shall be said that Greek betrayed Greek," remarked the young man loftily.

"True, my son. The ancient spirit I see yet lingers in thy veins. But methinks thou art not a native of Athens."

The blue eyes scanned the speaker's face narrowly, then, as if instinct flashed into his mind what course to pursue, he changed from perverse reserve to winning candour.

"You are right, my host, in your surmise. Exiled from his native land, my father settled in Asia, where I was born. But he watches with anxiety the fate of his beloved land, and now he trembles at her approaching doom. I am the

bearer of letters to the Emperor Alexis, entreating him to protect the Asiatic Greeks from those Western barbarians who style themselves Crusaders. Domiciled at the Court where I have many introductions, opportunities may occur to further the cause of our trampled country."

"Good, my son, noble blood stirs thy heart. The cause of our country calls indeed for the service of all her loyal children. And where are you bound now?"

"To the city of Athens, to the house of one Olympias, my mother's kinswoman. The Princess Anna Comnena regards her with special favour, and I trust to her influence to procure me an influential post."

A cloud passed over the old man's brow. His wily brain was working how to gain the stranger to his cause.

He was evidently wealthy, of noble race; he was young and could be trained; he seemed endowed with many qualities essential to one embarked in such a perilous enterprise. But if once he came within the influence of Olympias and her circle, he was lost to Demetrius for ever.

The far-famed Olympias was a favourite at the Byzantine Court, where she was sought after for her talents, wit, and beauty. The noblest blood of Greece flowed in her veins. She was the only child of a wealthy patrician. She never remembered a mother's care; her education had been peculiar and varied, and now she moved along, the centre and soul of all that was beautiful and bright in Athens. Ambition was her father's passion, and she shared with him the ardent desire to advance. But while his sole aim was wealth, for which he stooped to any petty intrigue, she despised such sordid motives and panted for glory—glory for her country—glory for herself.

It was well for the harmony between father and daughter, that accidental circumstances rendered Olympias a staunch supporter of the reigning dynasty. A loyal admiration and steady friendship for the Princess Anna made her enter with ardour into any scheme to extend the sway of the Comneni, and she exerted her influence to render the Royal Family popular among that community where she held all but regal dominion. No! Theodore Icení (so the passports termed him) must be kept away from her till he had firmly espoused the patriot's party. He must be retained an unconscious prisoner till he was willing to join the confederacy.

So Demetrius set to work to gain the young man's confidence

and esteem. He had not to deal with hard metal. Theodore was impressionable in the highest degree. Though lamentably weak in a moral sense, he had the keenest perception of, and the strongest admiration for all that was grand and lofty. He easily caught the reflection of the glow which burned in the breast of Demetrius.

His gratitude for their care, his love of anything strange, and his ever increasing affection for the guileless Zoe, rendered him an easy prey for the web so deftly woven to ensnare him. His essentially sweet genial disposition, and his indolent temperament conspired to make it difficult for him to resist the invisible pressure brought to bear on him. Insensibly he drifted the way he was wanted; gracefully he acknowledged himself worsted in the arguments he held with Demetrius, and the longer he lingered the less he cared whither he was tending, if only he were allowed to remain in the recesses of this sombre pine forest, forgetting the world and by it forgot.

His volatile heart was set upon gaining the affections of his ministering angel, who soothed him in his hours of pain, and lulled the transient gnawings of his conscience. Little he recked of plot, plan, or conspiracy, though he would speak so eloquently in behalf of his oppressed country, and delighted Demetrius by his fertility of expedient and clear-headedness in point of detail. As a matter of fact, his luxurious fastidious disposition shuddered at hardship or fatigue, but the hardship and fatigue were in the dim distance, and his thoughts never travelled beyond the present. To-morrow was but a vague sound to him. Nobody had higher aspirations than Theodore; nobody put them less into practice. He unwittingly deceived others as well as himself. His lofty words and glowing manner insensibly convinced the most wary. Alas! it was but the froth, the sparkling bubble which rose to the surface, leaving all beneath it flat and unprofitable.

He possessed keen powers of enjoyment, and could give himself up to the amusement of the hour without any anxiety about the future interfering with his happiness. He was, moreover, possessed of a natural refinement and delicacy which served him in the stead of virtue. But he had little of real manliness or high principle.

He also was an only child and was idolized by his parents, who valued wealth only in proportion as it enabled them to gratify every caprice of their son. His nature was essentially

an art-loving one, and he had surrounded himself with all that could minister to a life of luxurious ease.

Demetrius watched with triumph the success of his scheme, and only waited till the victim was secure to draw the net and entrap him in the toils.

And Zoe, sweet simple Zoe, who passed her days feeding the doves and caressing her gazelle, was, all unconsciously, the influence which was to determine the fate of the principal actors in this drama.

The task of nursing her father's guest had now become a pleasure, and at the very sound of his voice a still sweet look would dawn in the soft brown eyes, and a delicate blush tinge the whiteness of her cheeks. Theodore was not insensible to these almost imperceptible signs, and he delivered himself with renewed zest to the quaffing of this nectar which he had never quaffed before.

While wandering 'neath the trees with Zoe, or listening to her melodious songs, he forgot his late-sworn vows of fealty to the reigning Emperor. "Thrones and dominations" lacked all interest. The past was a vague blank, the future a glorious haze, the present a delightful existence which he dared not dispel by word or sign of his own.

The surroundings also served to complete this impression on his sensitive soul. The classic temple, the venerable patriarch, the air of mystery in which he was enveloped, the sinister and impenetrable Sebas who stolidly resisted every overture to friendship—the absence of all the glare and discord of a great city—all combined to work upon his dreamy poetic nature and lead him into paths where independence and honour must be left behind.

Nor did the outward influences seem evil. Zoe's trusting faith, her innocent revelations of the workings of her untutored mind, could not fail to produce corresponding sensations in Theodore. She made him pray with her at the foot of the great white cross, their voices blended in unison in hymns to their Creator, together they gathered flowers for her shrine to our Lady, and together they wove garlands to place on our Lady's brow. A faint glimmering of a conscience quivered into being: he longed to share her implicit confidence in God, her beautiful hope in Heaven, her calm love of virtue, faith, and God. At times he grasped the idea of immortality; he saw and believed that there was something more to live for than the

mere gratification of the senses. His spirit struggled to be free from the fetters which held it down, and his soul was moved with flitting pangs of remorse at the worthlessness of his life compared to that of Zoe's. But Demetrius thought the time had now come, when, as a skilful fowler, he might secure his prey.

He cautiously inquired if he still wished to make the acquaintance of his kinswoman, Olympias.

"I hear," he said, "that she is about to depart for the Byzantine Court. Methinks it would be well for thee to secure an audience before she leaves. I can spare a guide to conduct thee to Athens."

An involuntary sigh escaped from Zoe, and Theodore's sunny countenance assumed a look of blank dismay.

He recovered himself with an effort.

"I will follow thy kindly counsel," he replied suavely. "The guide also I will gratefully accept. When does he depart?"

"At dawn, two days from hence."

"So soon! Well, so be it! But know, I leave with regret; thy kindness has endeared thee to my heart, and fain would I linger in a spot where I have known true peace and happiness. I pray thee, allow thy gentle Zoe to accompany me in a farewell visit to each fondly-cherished haunt."

Demetrius made a gesture of assent and Zoe rose, threw a white cloak round her, and followed Theodore, unable to say a word. Her heart was beating violently, and tears were on her cheeks. Poor child. She had not been taught to conceal her emotions: this was her first grief, and a very real one to her.

In silence they wended their way to the sea-shore. A gentle breeze was sighing among the leafy branches; the rippling waves came murmuring to their feet, the distant nightingales scarce broke the silence of the night.

They stood and listened to the music of the sea, which ever chants in low monotone the mystery of life, the secrets of the world.

"My sojourn here will ever remain a fadeless spot in my memory," said Theodore presently, and his voice was tremulous with emotion. Zoe did not answer, and when he turned, he saw tears in her bright eyes. The breeze played with her long hair and the moon shone on a face which reflected the guilelessness of her heart.

To Theodore she seemed an angel in human form; and

yielding as he ever did to the influence of the moment, he reverently took her hand as he exclaimed :

"Oh, Zoe, little gentle Zoe, could you grant my prayer? Will you give me the right to call thee mine? Will you let me feel that while absent from thee, thy thoughts belong to Theodore, and that thy fervent prayers will follow me where'er I go, like fragrant incense arising to Heaven on my behalf?" If ever Theodore possessed a heart capable of being touched it was at that moment when she raised her eyes to his and trustingly whispered her confession of love. Then his whole nature became earnest for once and his vows came from the depths of a heart filled with noblest sentiments.

An hour later and the virgin-daughter of Demetrius flitted to her chamber to breathe out her joy and love at the foot of her marble cross. Another hour, and Theodore was in earnest conversation with the rebel chief.

A glow of triumph illumined the old man's countenance as the youth formally demanded Zoe for his bride ; cautiously, so as not to betray his satisfaction, he acknowledged the honour done to him, but asserted he had made a solemn vow never to bestow his daughter on one who was not engaged in the "sacred cause."

"And wherefore not enrol me as one of the band?" inquired Theodore, his ardour increasing as difficulties arose. "I have as stout an arm, and as brave a heart as any among your men."

"I doubt it not, my son, and it shall be as you wish. Tomorrow at midnight we hold a meeting, and then you shall become a member. But comprehend, it is no idle vow you swear. Active service will be demanded, yea, perhaps thy very blood. Nay, turn not pale, my Zoe," he added, as the maiden glided into the room and took her stand by Theodore, "a patriot's daughter should ne'er show fear."

Theodore threw a protecting arm round her trembling form.

"What more glorious," he exclaimed, "than to die in such a cause? And now that you have given me the right to call this maid my own, shame on me if I act not as becomes a valiant lover."

His imagination caught fire and the words seemed to come straight from an ardent heart. He spoke as he felt—at the moment.

Demetrius was well pleased ; the youth would be docile in

his hands. For love's sake he would risk all, and what might he not accomplish with his talents and opportunities?

Still the old caution did not forsake Demetrius. Ere they parted for the night, he flashed a poniard in front of Theodore.

"Death to any traitor," he said, as he brandished the deadly weapon. "I would take his life as I kill a dog. And yet, my boy," he added, in a softer voice, "it would hurt me sore, if any harm befell thee, for I love thee as a son."

He turned away as if ashamed of his emotion, and left the room, and well it was that he did not see the pallor even to his lips which blanched poor Theodore's face, nor the cowered stricken look which blotted out all sunshine from the generally radiant countenance. And well it was he did not hear the smothered moan as of an animal in pain.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BETROTHAL.

THE next day passed in preparations for departure and instructions for the evening ceremony.

Word had been sent to the confederates to assemble. Demetrius did not fail to impress upon Theodore that after his initiation it would be his bounden duty, when in Athens, to keep them acquainted with the state of affairs there, and endeavour to discover the bent of the popular mind.

When night came, Theodore was blindfolded and led underground to a cave. When his bandage was withdrawn he looked around and found himself in a large and gloomy cavern, lighted only by smouldering torches. A band of wildly picturesque, but ferocious-looking men were congregated at the further end of this subterranean hall.

The dusky glare of the flambeaux, the swarthy features of the conspirators, the venerable patriarch in his sacerdotal robes, and Zoe, sylph-like Zoe, flitting like a shadow in flowing robe of purest white—all appeared as a dream to the poetic Theodore.

Two curtains were drawn slowly apart displaying a handsome altar decked with costly gems, which made one blaze of jewels. There were lamps in bronze vessels and alabaster vases. The patriarch ascended the altar steps and bade Theodore kneel before him; the customary oath was

administered to him ; he was vowed to perpetual secrecy and uttered the pledge of blind and absolute obedience.

The wine of good fellowship was poured into a golden goblet, and passed round in solemn silence. Each one partook as he approached the altar, and exchanged the kiss of brotherhood with the newly-joined. Sebas alone advanced with a scowl and whispered in a menacing tone :

"Beware ! If thou darest to play the traitor this dagger shall shed thy heart's blood." A slight tremor passed through Theodore's frame ; the hand which held the goblet shook, and some of the contents was spilled. "Such an omen bodes no good," muttered Sebas, ominously, as he returned to his place.

Then silently all withdrew, so noiselessly they might have been phantoms of an unseen world. The old man, the young one, and the maiden, were the only occupants of the vast dreary cavern.

Demetrius seemed absorbed in contemplation ; he remained motionless before the altar, his arms stretched out, his eyes earnestly gazing into vacancy.

With an effort he came back to the things of this world. The flush of enthusiasm died away, the nervous lips ceased to move fitfully, he passed his hand absently across his brow, and sighed heavily two or three times.

He approached his daughter, took her by the hand, and led her to Theodore.

"My son," he said, "to thee I yield my cherished flower, my Lily of Athens, as I loved to call her. Troublous times are in store for all, and the day of my peril is near at hand. I place her with one who will guard and love her, if I fall a victim in the fray. And now, to show thee my utter trust, I will perform the rite of betrothal ere you depart. In times like these, so fraught with danger at every step, prudence refuses to hearken to the voice of virgin timidity."

Zoe, blushing with maiden bashfulness, seemed almost to shrink from Theodore. But he, with a sunny smile and proud glance of ownership, conducted her to the altar where the ceremony of espousals was performed.

No sound was heard but the deep sonorous tones of the patriarch, the happy voice of Theodore, and the low sweet whispers of the trembling Zoe as she repeated the words after her father.

"You do not regret it," questioned Theodore, tenderly, when once more back in the marble-lined chamber.

She answered not by words, but he read the reply aright in the eloquence of the soft brown eyes trustingly raised to his. Next noon the mules were brought to the ivy-trained tower, and Theodore bade adieu to his fair betrothed at the foot of the marble cross.

"Not for long," he murmured lovingly, as she clung to him in silent grief, "and wherever I go, I carry with me the knowledge that my Zoe prays for me in her bower among the trees."

"May God and our Lady guard you," she whispered between her sobs; "rest assured that you will be always in my thoughts and in my prayers."

A few moments later and he had turned his back on the classic temple and the dark wild forest.

CHAPTER V.

OLYMPIAS.

WE will precede our hero to Athens, and, with a writer's privilege, pass through the marble portico which adorns the house of Phidias the Greek, father to beautiful Olympias.

We enter an apartment through an arch, across which is drawn a richly-embroidered curtain; and the first thing that strikes us is the beauty of the mosaic pavement, which richly represents famous mythological subjects.

A sparkling fountain plays from a basin of red marble, and scatters its crystal drops on fragrant flowers and shrubs placed in highly-sculptured vases.

The furniture is of a rich and rare character; couches, inlaid with ivory and silver, invite repose; classical statues adorn carved niches; tables of Oriental wood bear caskets delicately chased; and around are many paintings which indicate that the owner has a fine conception of the sublime and beautiful.

Illuminated manuscripts adorned with figured scrolls, and fastened with jewelled clasps, lie on a porphyry table, near a couch, on which reclines the proud and stately Olympias.

She is attired in a robe of regal magnificence; her shapely hand toys with a carved stiletto, her veil, studded with pearls, is carelessly thrown back, as she converses with ease and dignity

with the *élite* of Athens, who surround her couch, and are proud of having the *entrée* to one so fastidious as Olympias.

Renowned as she was for her beauty, she was even more celebrated for the brilliancy of her wit and the versatility of her genius. She loved to cope with the deepest philosophers of the day ; and to many her reasoning was as subtle and her casuistry more profound.

Cold criticisms, exquisitely pointed, came from the red lips, and sometimes flashes of impassioned eloquence burst unrestrained from a heart that chafed at its trammels, and betrayed what the speaker would fain conceal—that her woman's heart would eventually reign paramount over her intellect.

She was an only child, and never knew the sweet name of "mother." Her wealth, her talents, and her appearance all tended to increase her sway over Athens, where she had imperial power. Her solitary and self-conducted education had developed many contradictory characteristics. She held coldly aloof from her own sex ; she never courted society ; she had a supreme contempt for flattery, and was keen to detect the hollow artificiality of the world.

Beneath a haughty and slightly contemptuous exterior, her mind glowed with fervid, passionate thoughts ; she would not step from her pedestal to mix with the common crowd. Those only were admitted to her acquaintance who had excelled in some branch of science, or were distinguished as patrons of literature and the fine arts.

A privileged and select few surrounded her now. There was the Sophist Claudio, a man who possessed a redundancy of words and a pompousness of address that often wearied his hostess, but she endured him for his fund of information and shrewd good sense, partly hidden by his garrulity and bombast.

There was the elegant Chrysophon, who gloried in possessing the finest paintings ever collected by an Athenian. He was effeminate in his appearance, and affected in his manners, yet his readiness of intellect and quick discernment made his conversation attractive, and his idiosyncracies forgotten.

Then there was a dreamy-looking man upon whom Olympias looked with indulgence, as one able to give vent to that enthusiasm, which she so sternly repressed in her own nature. Sophocles was his name. He was a poet, who lived in a world of his own far removed from this gross sphere : his dreamy eyes dilated and

sparkled if a congenial topic were started ; then, and only then, his customary shyness was forgotten and he would launch into fierce invectives, or glowing appeals, forgetful of all but his theme, when suddenly consciousness returned, he would gaze around and recognize his auditors, and then would relapse into his absent, semi-vacant moods.

Such were the inmates of that marble hall. Slaves passed stealthily to and fro, fanning their mistress, handing round crystal vases or golden goblets, and sprinkling pungent scents on the tessellated floor.

The subject under discussion was the present state of affairs, and the ruby lips of Olympias curled in ill-concealed scorn as she listened to the time-serving Claudio, who with the philosophy of a wealthy patrician, counselled a dissembled friendship with the Imperial Court, a policy which should endanger neither life nor property, a course of stabbing in the dark, poisoning secretly, drowning casually, bribing assassins, and getting them to do the deeds his dainty hands must not be stained with. "Think you so?" she exclaimed, her black eyes flashing with disdain ; "to me it seems a nobler part and one more befitting an Athenian, to strike openly and bravely. For my part I consider it unwise to throw off the mild and beneficent yoke of the Comneni. Whom have we to take their place? Our poor Greece is torn with intestine factions. Though as a daughter of Athens I blush to say it, I look around and see not one of my countrymen worthy to ascend the throne. Oh, these degenerate days, when personal ambition is the god you all worship. Would that those times might return, when men panted to die on the field of battle, and women shed tears, not of sorrow, but of proud pain, not of sadness, but of glad grief, that they had contributed their best treasure to so sacred a cause!"

Olympias had risen while she spoke, and she leant against an alabaster column as she finished her speech.

A murmur of applause greeted her as she ceased.

"Perhaps," suggested Chrysophon, "the patriots will call in the aid of those men from the West."

"Is Greece," exclaimed Olympias with vehemence, "to owe her freedom to the smooth-tongued Frank or fair-haired Saxon? No! let us not enter into compact with these invaders, who glory but in brawny arms, and stalwart frames; whose strength is in their bodies alone, whose intelligence is dim and clouded. Is Greece to be governed by nations inferior to her in science,

literature, or refinement? No! a thousand times No! Alone, let her stand the crisis, alone if the fates so decree, let her fall, in solitary grandeur, in noble solitude. If on me depended the coming contest, and I could secure it by an alliance with these barbarians, I should spurn their aid, considering it a degradation to our cause to have aught to do with these uncivilized wretches, few of whom can read, still less write, who govern by brute force and would trample mercilessly on the higher nature of the Greek."

"Yet the Emperor whom you uphold sees fit to dally with them," remarked Chrysophon in a silky manner.

"The Emperor's advisers are proverbially venal," she replied with cold hauteur.

"The Emperor's life cannot be prolonged, and then what is to become of Greece?" questioned Claudio. "What party will you then support?"

"I go by no party," she answered proudly. "The good of my country is my only thought, and for this reason, my influence, if I have any, shall be used, not in favour of John the Handsome, the rightful heir, nor in favour of any Greek claimant, but in favour of Anna Comnena, because I think her views are enlightened and liberal, that her reign will commence an era of intellectual liberty, in which great minds may soar, free from debasing superstition and enslaving crime. Thus only can we hope to revive the spirit of our forefathers."

The poet listened enraptured to this outburst of patriotism. With a suddenness that was almost pain, he realized that she who spoke was his ideal, his type of perfect womanhood. She was the reality of the floating figure obscured and veiled which accompanied every flight of imagination, and as he lay on his couch that night, there was joy in his heart because he knew of a soul that beat in unison with his, and he felt no longer alone in this world.

Olympias had hardly finished speaking when a slave approached and said a few words in a low tone; she answered briefly, and with a profound obeisance he withdrew.

"My kinsman comes at last," she said, addressing the company generally, "I pray you welcome him for my sake." The words were more a command than an entreaty, and her movements were full of a graceful dignity, as she re-adjusted her veil and sat down on a low couch awaiting the coming visitor.

And Theodore entered !

He was travel-stained and weary. Yet nought could destroy the beauty of his countenance nor take from the attractive grace of his demeanour.

"You are welcome, cousin," said Olympias, and she was surprised herself at the graciousness of her tone: "you are welcome, though you are tardy in presenting yourself. The courier who informed us of your approach has ere now, I trust, reached home in safety."

"My fair kinsman must pardon me," replied Theodore, and his ringing tones clear as a merle's, sounded refreshingly in the ears of all; "delay was unavoidable, a series of adventures hindered my advent. It caused me much chagrin to know I must appear at fault in the mind of my noble cousin. I must trust to your generosity to overlook the offence, and hope that future service will atone for my apparent discourtesy." She extended her hand which he bowed and kissed.

"Olympias is not one to invent injuries," she said, "friends are too precious in troublous times like these for her to seek to make a foe."

And she smiled on him as she seldom smiled on ordinary mortals.

"Perhaps your kinsman will favour us with an account of his adventures," remarked Chrysophon.

"No, he is weary, and so, my friends, we will bid each other adieu," interposed Olympias, with her characteristic, haughty frankness. "I will conduct you to my father," and motioning him to follow her, she bowed majestically to the company, and walked with stately grace from the hall. Theodore followed, bewildered and fascinated by her gorgeous Oriental beauty.

She led him through chambers filled with every conceivable luxury, adorned with all that could make life beautiful. He passed under arched colonnades, ornamented with rich frescoes, enlivened by the brilliant plumage of hundreds of birds. The heat of the almost tropical sun was tempered by screens of soft silken material, gently wafted to and fro by a constant succession of slaves.

At length they crossed a court paved with variegated marbles. Cypress and lemon-trees lent their verdant beauty to charm the eye. Drawing back a heavy purple curtain which hung before a cella, or small chamber, Olympias advanced

towards a man seated at a table of sandal-wood, poring over some papyri.

His form was lean and spare, and his head was almost bald. His countenance gleamed with intelligence, but the cunning lines round the mouth betrayed the subtle, wily Greek, always courteous and refined outwardly, but inwardly treacherous and cruel.

He looked up at the sound of footsteps, but he allowed no trace of pleasure or annoyance to pass over his countenance as he rose and welcomed his guest, and the first salutations being over, entered into amicable conversation. He was struck, as every one was, with the perfect ease and childlike fearlessness of Theodore's manner. He was as much at home with the intriguing courtier as with artless Zoe, and his sparkling vivacity awoke some long-forgotten chords in the heart of the hardened Phidias, and when they strolled back to partake of the evening meal the host was already scheming how he could attach his young kinsman to the Court party which he most favoured.

Reviews.

I.—THE HOLY SEE AND THE WANDERING OF THE NATIONS.¹

UNDER this title Mr. Allies has given us the sixth volume of his great work on the history of the *Formation of Christendom*, and the period of which it treats, from A.D. 455 to 604, is one of special interest in the life of the Christian Church, as showing the final recognition by the powers of the world of the supremacy of the Holy See in things spiritual, and the adjustment of the relations of the Church to the civil power, out of which has grown the prevailing order in modern times.

Mr. Allies completely satisfies that definition of good history given us by the Greek historian, and his method is pre-eminently one of "philosophy teaching by examples." Every well-instructed Catholic knows by faith that Jesus Christ came into the world to found a kingdom, a kingdom not of this world but spiritual and divine, a perfect polity, free from all those elements of decay which enter into every human institution, and that He gave to this kingdom a constitution capable of adapting itself to every form of human society, and of embracing in its bosom the whole world. He knows too that the said constitution (of which Christ was Himself the invisible Head), was founded upon the rock of St. Peter and his successors, who were to be the centre of unity, unifying, entraining, guiding, and governing the episcopate and the faithful of the whole world, "confirming his brethren," and "feeding His sheep," [the bishops] as well as "His lambs" [the laity] the head and heart of His Church, against whom the powers of the world and the "gates of Hell" should never prevail. All this the Catholic knows and believes, and the heretic and infidel denies; but Mr. Allies establishes and proves it by the powerful argument of history, showing how the internal life of the Church and the guiding of events by Divine Providence, evolved and fulfilled in a perfect sequence, the designs and

¹ *The Holy See and the Wandering of the Nations from St. Leo I. to St. Gregory I.* By Thomas W. Allies, K.C.S.G. London: Burns and Oates, 1888.

direction of her Divine Founder, and that too, in such circumstances, and against such opposition from all the powers of this world, as to admit of no other explanation but that of a divine commission.

As the Holy See is the centre of the Church's organization, and communion with it the test of Catholicity, so it is, and ever has been, the centre of attack on the part of its enemies. Mr. Allies shows us in the present volume the various phases and trials through which it passed in the period which he treats, and how, in every case, it came forth from the contest triumphant and victorious.

The irruption of the barbarians of the North in the fifth century was perhaps the greatest convulsion which human society has ever undergone. "The existing bonds of society," says Cardinal Hergenröther, "were loosened. The old frontiers of states and lands passed away. As a whole city is turned into a ruinous heap by an earthquake, so the whole political system of previous times was overthrown by this massive transmigration." As Mr. Allies observes, "a great period was ending, the period of the Græco-Roman civilization, from which, after three centuries of persecution, the Church had obtained recognition. And a great period was beginning, when the wandering of the nations had prepared for the Church another task. The first had been to obtain the conversion of nations linked by the bond of one temporal rule, enjoying the highest degree of culture and knowledge then existing, but deeply tainted by the corruption of effete refinement. The second was to exalt rough, sturdy, barbarian natures, whose pride was the sword and human life their prey, first to the virtues of the civil state, and next to the higher life of Christian charity, and thus to link them, who had known only violent repulsion and perpetual warfare among themselves, in not a temporal but a spiritual bond."

In this "wandering of the nations," and the confusion that followed it, new kingdoms arose in the place of the Roman Empire, all either pagan or heretical, and after a series of phantom emperors (generally murdered after a few months of sovereignty) the Empire of the West passed away, Rome sank to the level of a municipal town, and the Pope became the subject of the Gothic kingdom of Italy, first under Odoacer and afterwards under Theodoric, who ruled at Ravenna, in the name of the Eastern Emperor, under the title of "Patricius" of the Romans. Rome was sacked, time after time, yet the successor of St. Peter never

lost one whit of his authority, but on the contrary continued to weld together these discordant elements into the unity of Christendom. Indeed the *Formation of Christendom* is, in other words, an account of St. Peter's kingdom, which triumphs by the folly of the cross, a miracle strengthened by every age as it passes away, while that rock endures as the centre of gravity in human affairs to which by divine disposition all things do, and must, accommodate themselves.

The Empire of the West disappeared, and one Emperor in Constantinople ruled what remained of the Roman Empire. Every element of human power flowed into Constantinople and aggrandized the Eastern Capital, while Rome had sunk to the condition of a provincial town. Eastern pride grew jealous of the Pope's supremacy, and took the form of a desire to advance the rank of the see of Constantinople (a suffragan see of Heraclea), to the second place in the hierarchy of the Church. To superficial observers the contention may appear to have been about a trivial matter, but the question touched the fundamental principle of ecclesiastical titles, inasmuch as the claim of Constantinople rested upon the secular dignity of the imperial city and not on the commission of Jesus Christ. In the words of Pope Gelasius to the then Bishop of Constantinople, "We laugh at the pretension to erect an Apostolical throne upon an Imperial residence." It was this thwarted ambition which afterwards broke forth in the Eastern schism, and assailed a series of Popes in succession with all the influence of a despotic Emperor, the wiles and intrigues of his court, the hostility of courtly Bishops and the duplicity, deceit, and craft, of Eastern heretics. And, as if Providence wished to show that the supremacy of Christ's Vicar was derived from no human source, for twenty years, while the Emperor and the greater part of the Eastern Bishops were Eutychian, and the Popes themselves were living under the hostile domination of the Arian Goth, who reigned as the Emperor's lieutenant in Ravenna, the rest of the Western Empire divided among the Teutonic invaders, was entirely pagan or Arian, and not one single yard of Roman territory was held by a Catholic ruler. But a startling change followed upon the accession of Justinian to the throne. The orthodox faith was proclaimed, heresies condemned, the canons of the councils incorporated into the body of the civil law, the East was restored by Pope Hormisdas to communion with the West, the Franks, the fiercest of the Northern barbarians, and who had hitherto

remained Pagans, were converted under Clovis to the Catholic faith, and, under the guidance of the Pope, rapidly reached a pre-eminence among the Teuton nations. Then Justinian, by his great general Belisarius, recovered the Roman provinces of Africa, and drove the Goths out of Italy. But that Gothic war, waged first by Belisarius and afterwards by Narses, made Italy a desert, and Rome [which was five times sacked during the course of it] a heap of ruins. It was in the midst of this social desolation that St. Peter, in the person of St. Gregory the Great, "stood up" to reconstitute society, and, under the auspices of the Vicar of Christ, a Christian Rome rose, phoenix-like, upon the ruins of the seven hills now utterly abandoned, pauperized, and depopulated. And, out of the heterogeneous kingdoms of barbarous Teutons, there was formed a new Empire of the West, Christian, "Holy and Roman," united under the spiritual supremacy of the successor of St. Peter.

We regret that our limits only allow us to give this very rapid account of the contents of Mr. Allies' new volume and to offer him our cordial thanks for his very able and learned proof by the argument of history, of the "Prerogatives of Peter."

2.—LIFE OF ST. JEROME.¹

To write the life of a great man is often thought to involve writing a history of the times in which he lived, and some may expect in a *Life of St. Jerome*, who was certainly a great man, that the writer, while taking him as the central figure, will supply a history of the Church in the fourth century, of which he was such a conspicuous ornament. Mrs. Martin has not done this. But she has done what many people will consider something much more interesting. She has given a very faithful portrait—in her Preface she modestly calls it a "sketch"—of the Saint, such as he was in the flesh and appeared to his contemporaries; and her object being to make us acquainted with the individuality of the great Doctor, she has painted him among the intimacies of his private life, introducing allusions to public events in the background of her picture only so far as they will help the general effect, and enable us better to understand the

¹ *Life of St. Jerome.* By Mrs. Charles Martin. London: Kegan Paul and Co., 1888.

remarkable character of her subject. As she says, "the intense excitement, and bewilderingly complex nature of the times in which he lived, tend to confuse the minds of modern readers concerning the part which he played in them, and to cause them to forget the wonderful influence which he exercised over them with whom he came in contact."

The collapse of the Roman Empire, under the irruption of the barbarians of the North, was the greatest social convulsion which the world has seen. It is at such times that great characters show themselves, and become the guides, the support, the rallying points, for their fellow-men. "Who indeed but he," (St. Jerome) exclaims Mrs. Martin, "with his marvellous gifts, his keen penetrating mind, his deep knowledge, his profound wisdom, his incisive fearless tongue, his strong passions, and, above all, his extraordinary tenderness and sympathy—who but he could have, at one and the same moment, fought the battles and defended the interests of the Church, and held together, as it were, in his powerful grasp, the crumbling elements of the Society which in that transition period between paganism and Christianity, the Old World and the New, seemed to have reached the point of actual dissolution? Whose pen but that of a Jerome could have been steeped in the gall with which it knew so well how to expose and punish malice and perfidy, and in the honey which he loved to pour into the wounds and sores of the many tender hearts which trusted him as their one true and faithful friend? Who but Jerome could have so perfectly played the rôles of a soldier and Doctor of the Church, and yet of the accomplished man of the world, able to guide through most tortuous ways the most tender and innocent consciences?" Here is Mrs. Martin's description of the natural character of St. Jerome, which strikes us as life-like and true: "His conversation was wonderfully animated and unflagging, full of witty and somewhat biting sallies, and delightfully varied by literary allusions and *a propos* quotations from both sacred and profane authors. He loved argument, and, gifted as he was with a strong sense of the ridiculous and a lively spirit of sarcasm, he was a redoubtable adversary and a courageous, outspoken critic. His style was natural and spontaneous, both in speaking and writing, and in the latter particularly, his thoughts were so swift and varied, and so rapidly translated themselves into words, that the scribes, to whom he was in the habit of dictating, found the greatest difficulty in keeping pace with him. Like most great natures,

he was quickly roused to indignation and anger, and even in his affections he was imperious and exacting. But—and here was his great charm—his heart was tender, loving, and deeply sensitive, and nothing—austerities, discipline, hardships, disappointments—not even age itself, was ever able to quench his deep love of humanity and his unalterable fidelity to his friends.”

In the midst of his gigantic literary labours, St. Jerome drew around him not only students of all classes and from every part of the world, but, in Rome itself, formed a school of Christian perfection in the patrician ranks of Roman society, and especially among its women. In the house of Marcella, one of the greatest ladies in Rome, was founded a religious community, which St. Jerome used to call the “domestic Church on the Aventine,” where the most austere asceticism was practised together with the highest intellectual culture. The most charming portions of Mrs. Martin’s book are her descriptions of St. Jerome’s relations with these high-born and noble spiritual daughters, first in Rome, and afterwards in their retreat at Bethlehem. “And if the materials were to be found at hand, certainly he who was to mould them into the necessary shape, and to call forth the great and noble capabilities of these proud daughters of the Cæsars and the Scipios, and, by refining them in the furnace of mortification, to convert them into some of the brightest jewels of the Church, lacked none of the qualities requisite for his task.”

Among these great and holy women the figures of St. Paula, her daughter St. Eustachium, and her grand-child the younger Paula, stand forth prominent and pre-eminent, and the picture of St. Paula is a worthy companion-portrait for that of St. Jerome. In that great woman we see the highest nobility of nature, descent, and social rank, adorned by all the culture which the world can bestow, and the highest intellectual gifts and acquirements, sublimated by the graces of a Christian saint. Mrs. Martin makes some very just remarks, *a propos* of these learned and holy women, on the present movement in this country for the higher education of women. It is quite true that to the Catholic Church woman owes her emancipation, and her position side by side with man; it is there that she finds the true scope of her powers, intellectual and moral, and there that she rises to her true dignity and elevation. We regret that our space does not allow us to say more of this interesting book, we are unable to follow St. Jerome, and these noble women, through the stages

of their pilgrimage. Driven from Rome by the persecutions of a society which seemed to grow more and more corrupt as it verged upon its extinction, they sailed to Alexandria, which was then a chief centre of learning, and, after visiting the schools and the doctors residing there, the enormous wealth of Paula enabled them to travel, with a well-furnished caravan, to the deserts of the Thebaid—(then peopled by anchorets and cœnobite hermits, the disciples of SS. Anthony and Pachomius)—and afterwards to the vast monastic establishments near the Lakes of Nitria. Having satisfied their inquiries, they proceeded to Bethlehem, where they ended their days after many years spent in close proximity to the grotto of our Lord's Nativity. Here St. Jerome founded a large monastery for men, and St. Paula, with her daughter Eustachium, established three convents for women. Of these, that in which St. Paula and her daughter lived—(a noble building which is still standing)—was a house of "strict observance," and the community lived under vows. The other two partook of the nature of convents and hospices, pilgrims and religious visitors were received in them who observed the rule of the convent as long as they remained there. St. Jerome himself retired to a cave connected with the grotto of the Nativity and (by a staircase through the rock which still exists) with the Convent of St. Paula. This was the scene of his superhuman labours in the cause of truth. Besides the spiritual direction of his own monks and the three convents of women, he here translated the Holy Scriptures into Latin as we now have them, and wrote most of his commentaries and other works, and carried on controversies and correspondence with the learned in all parts of the civilized world. The lot of the saints on earth is persecution, obloquy, ingratitude, and contradiction, from the world: the consolations which flow from union with God, and, generally, the sympathy and attachment of a few generous and devoted friends. St. Jerome and his noble daughters were no exception to the rule. Mrs. Martin concludes thus, "to us it is enough to know him as he really was—the man of flesh and blood, of strong passions and of high aims, the hater of evil, the ardent defender of good, the sharp foe, yet tender friend: in a word, the Saint to whom the things of this world were dross, and those of the next unutterably precious and above all price."

3.—HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.¹

We are quite at one with the author of this manual in thinking that a satisfactory Church history is amongst the most pressing needs of English Catholic literature. It is not so much works for the scholar that are lacking, nor is there any difficulty in finding brief outlines for children, but our publishers do not supply us with anything between the two. We want a handbook which, for a reasonable cost, will present a reliable and attractive sketch for the higher classes of our schools, and which at the same time shall be solid and suggestive enough to be useful to ecclesiastical students and others whose studies must necessarily carry them further. We know of no book in English, we must confess, which meets or nearly meets these requirements. Alzog is too long, the little manual of Messrs. Burns and Oates is too short, Reeve is hopelessly out of date, Darras is wearisome and prolix, Deharbe resolutely eschews dates, and overlays his facts with so much moral instruction that the narrative is almost lost, Brueck, admirable for his concise summaries, is hardly more suited for continuous reading than a series of chronological tables. And what is worse, all these from first to last are almost entirely lacking in the faintest touch of human interest. One may read them under a severe sense of duty, but they are not the books to beguile even the inquiring mind of youth to follow the narrative one page beyond the allotted task. Our ideal in this matter, we must confess, is a high one, one perhaps which it is impossible perfectly to realize. We should like to meet with a volume of about the same size and rather less cost than one of Mr. Murray's students' manuals, written with something of the picturesqueness of Mr. J. R. Green's historical style (a quality not inconsistent, we think, with a greater clearness and sobriety of statement than distinguish that attractive writer) containing a few clear maps and *useful* illustrations, and dwelling a good deal on the secular side of the Church's position in the world. We mention this last point because it should be remembered that, for a very large number of our Catholic students, the only glimpse of European as distinguished from English history, which their studies afford them, is derived from this source. Much would have to be cut away from the ordinary treatment

¹ *History of the Church from the first Establishment, to our own Time.* By the Rev. J. A. Birkhäuser. New York: F. Pustet.

of the subject to make room for such a scheme, many details of martyrdoms, and tribes converted, and names of Popes and bishops would have to go by the board. But we think the gain of intelligent interest would more than compensate for some apparent loss of piety, and that if ten should read eagerly then, where five read dispiritedly at present, we should have as little to regret on the score of edification as on that of mere knowledge.

It would be a great deal too much to say that the work before us conforms to the ideal we have been sketching; neither does it pretend to do so. But at least it gives evidence to some extent of a move in the right direction; and we consider it, on the whole, the most satisfactory manual of Church history in English which we have yet met with. The narrative has no pretensions to picturesqueness or literary form, but it is clear and straightforward. The English is not immaculate, but it is not and does not read like a translation. Father Birkhäuser follows the best authorities and, as far as we have seen, may be relied upon in all matters of importance. In his account of patristic literature, a special feature in the work to which he calls attention in his Preface, we find all that can be reasonably expected in a work of the size.

At the same time, to our way of thinking, the book is still too bulky, at any rate for use in schools. Seven hundred and fifty closely printed pages of royal octavo are more than even the most advanced classes can well assimilate, and more also than parents and guardians would generally be willing to pay for. The work is intended by its author, himself a professor, principally for ecclesiastical students in seminaries; and for this purpose it seems better adapted, but even from this point of view some curtailment would be advisable. For instance, the multitude of names of persons and places appearing but once, and destined to be forgotten the moment the eye has quitted them, might, it seems to us, be reduced with advantage. With the aid of an elaborate index they may serve, perhaps, as a brief dictionary of reference for a student in his other reading, but the compiler of the index (an excellent feature, by the way, in such a work) seems to have been somewhat of our opinion, and the names of minor places and personages have, to a great extent, been eliminated therein. Finally we would suggest that in the subsequent editions of this really serviceable work, which we trust and believe will be called for

in due course of time, the pages should be submitted to careful textual revision. There is rather an alarming number of misprints, and names appear in forms and collocations which sound oddly to English ears.

4.—DUST.¹

Mr. Gore's new edition of *Roman Catholic Claims* has a preface and some footnotes in reply to Mr. Rivington's *Authority*. Mr. Rivington has been prompt in his rejoinder. The two publications appear almost simultaneously. As the necessary price of such speed in preparation, the rejoinder is obliged to confine itself to three only of Mr. Gore's points. However, an early appearance is such a distinct advantage, that the price is worth paying. Readers have now the means of testing Mr. Gore's controversial method in its application to a few points, and when the testing process is over, perhaps they may come to entertain merited suspicions as to its application elsewhere.

Mr. Rivington, in referring to certain conclusions of St. Francis of Sales and others concerning the recognition of the Holy See by the Fathers, observed "that there are no new literary discoveries (since the days of St. Francis) of any importance, about the early centuries of the Christian life." This Mr. Gore declares to be "a sentence to make one rub one's eyes," and he reminds his opponent of the discovery of the *Philosophumena*, of the exposure of the False Decretals, and of the Benedictine purification of the Patristic texts. It is this criticism of Mr. Gore's which has given occasion to the name of the Letter we are noticing. "I propose," says Mr. Rivington, "to show that the only reason why such an assertion as I have made could lead to a man's 'rubbing his eyes' is because so much *dust* has been thrown into people's eyes in the name of history." He then calls attention to the qualifying clause which he had himself inserted—"nothing of any importance," and goes on to show that none of the discoveries alleged against him have touched the substance of the Patristic testimony.

Perhaps the phrase "nothing of importance" was a little unhappy. The exposure of the False Decretals was in itself anything but an unimportant discovery, whilst on the other hand St. Francis certainly does quote from this source. Still the

¹ *Dust.* A Letter to the Rev. C. Gore, M.A., Principal of the Pusey House, Oxford. By the Rev. Luke Rivington, M.A. London: Kegan Paul and Co., 1888.

criticism was most pedantic. It is clear enough what Mr. Rivington meant, and what he meant is quite correct. When the spurious quotations are removed from the text of St. Francis, the substance of his argument still remains intact.

Although it was impossible to bring out a full reply to Mr. Gore at so early a date, we trust that a full reply may in course of time appear, and we would suggest to Mr. Rivington whether he is not the right man to compose it. Controversialists like Mr. Gore and Dr. Littledale are able to palm off upon the Anglican public so much spurious argument, because they can write with some confidence that such readers are not likely to be reached by Catholic writers. We know how their teachers assure them that nothing is so wicked as to hear the other side. The success of *Authority*, however, shows that Mr. Rivington has the exceptional advantage of being able to find his way to their ears. Should not the opportunity be used notwithstanding the interference with other work it might involve? We may add, that there is nothing very terrible about Mr. Gore's handling of his argument. Unfortunately we must also add that in spite of his denunciation of what he wrongly considers to be want of candour in Catholic writers, he has sinned egregiously against candour himself on several occasions.

5.—THEOLOGICAL INFLUENCE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.¹

We cannot quite make up our minds whether the author of this little book is a Catholic or not, but at any rate, his tone is Catholic, and so also are his doctrines; at least, with a single exception, perhaps, due to insufficient acquaintance with dogmatic theology. The subject chosen is the relation of our Blessed Lady to the Evangelists as a source of information in regard to certain of their facts. None could be more grateful to the pious student, yet the author rightly thinks that it has not yet received attention commensurate with its interest. His treatment is the outcome mainly of his own personal reflections; and herein lies its deficiency. The questions which need to be raised are often most intricate. It was hardly possible that a successful solution should be obtained without aid from those who have made exegesis their special study. However, it is

¹ *Theological Influence of the Blessed Virgin in the Apostolic School.* By Christianus. London: Frederick Norgate, 1888.

clear that the book is intended, not for scholars, but for the general reader. If the latter can be content to regard it as a layman's contribution, he will find in it much suggestiveness and will perhaps be stimulated to read Holy Scripture in the same thoughtful spirit as the author.

As the book is addressed to the general reader, it was quite necessary to commence with some attempt to convince him of the authenticity of the Gospels. An independent argument to prove this would lie beyond the writer's scope, but it would have been better to appeal to the verdict of orthodox scholars of acknowledged reputation, than to the concessions of M. Renan. M. Renan is a free lance among critics and has modified his views more than once. What may be their precise condition at the present moment we cannot undertake to say, but it may be assumed that this naturalistic critic would not concede the traditional views of authorship in any sense which could furnish "Christianus" with a solid basis for his inferences.

St. Matthew's Gospel, according to the writer, depends for its account of the Holy Infancy on the testimony of St. Joseph. There is something to be said for this. The point of view is no doubt that of the foster-father, and the facts are all such as he could have testified to at first-hand. There is, however, one serious difficulty which the writer fails to consider. It is hard not to infer from the complete silence about St. Joseph during the Public Life that he was then dead. But if this inference is correct, St. Matthew could have had no opportunity of referring to him for information. While thus refusing to recognize in any way the hand of Mary in the first Gospel, the author is confident that he finds it in the third and fourth. The fourth, he tells us, might be called "the Gospel according to Mary," but without much ground. The conversation between our Lord and His Mother at the marriage-feast of Cana can hardly have been learnt save from her lips, but apart from this, there is nothing in St. John's Gospel which needs to be traced to her. It is otherwise with St. Luke. His first two chapters have a clear right to the title of our Lady's Gospel, who is the only possible informant for a great portion of their story, and there is nothing which does not suit the hypothesis that she supplied it, whilst the whole narration is tinted with "the colouring of a woman's mind." The pages where the matter deals with these chapters are his best.

On the author's main contention in which he finds "*the key to*

the Gospel history," we cannot bestow our approval. It is most unnatural and bizarre. He imagines that the misinterpretation of the circumstances of our Lord's supernatural birth which was so acute a trial to St. Joseph, was general among the Nazarenes and persisted. "It is simply blinding our eyes . . . if we do not appreciate that Jesus, Mary, and Joseph were 'under a cloud' in their own neighbourhood." To live down this cruel belief for the sake of the Child and above all to prevent it from spreading was the great aim of Mary, which she pursued by the persistent endeavour to make Him pass as the real child of St. Joseph. He even thinks that she endeavoured to conceal the truth from Jesus Himself in hopes that He might be saved from the mental trouble she had herself passed through. He, however, at least after the testimony of John the Baptist discovered how it was. Then arose an enduring struggle between Mary's tenderness and her Son's candour. In this way the author explains such a dialogue as that which took place on the Finding in the Temple. The candour of Jesus would not permit of His being called the child of Joseph, when he was not so, but the Son of God. Let the fullest justice be done to "Christianus." His spirit is full of reverence. Still the reader will agree with us that this unfortunate notion is not reverent. Nor can we see any ground whatever in the language of the Evangelist which lends it support. The union of our Lady with St. Joseph was for the express object of preserving her and her Child from suspicion, till such time as devout minds were sufficiently prepared to hear the full truth. It may be seen that God's gracious provision was effectual, and the whole tenour of the sacred history goes to show that it was.

6.—PRÆLECTIONES METAPHYSICÆ SPECIALIS.¹

During the last four years Fathers Van der Aa and Lahousse, Professors of the Jesuit College at Louvain, have enriched the literature of scholastic philosophy with two series of books. Father Van der Aa has written *Prælectionum Philosophiæ Scholasticæ Brevis Conspectus*. It embraces all branches of scholastic

¹ *Prælectiones Metaphysicæ Specialis*. Quas in Collegio Maximo Lovaniensi, S.J., habuit Gustavus Lahousse, E.S. nunc in eodem Collegio Theologiæ dogmaticæ Lector. Volumen tertium. Theologiæ Naturalis. Lovanii. typis Car. Peeters, bibliopolæ via Namurcensi, 22. 416 pp., 8vo.

philosophy, Ethics included, and has found so many friends, that already a second edition has become necessary.

Father Lahousse does not present us with a Conspectus, but with a very full Course of Special Metaphysics, comprising three big volumes, one on Cosmology, another on Psychology, and a third on Natural Theology. With the last of the three we are concerned for the present. Like its two predecessors it holds certainly a prominent place among its rivals. In order to enable the reader to estimate it properly we must call attention to the fact that certain questions most closely bound up with Natural Theology have been treated in the Cosmology of our author. There we find an explicit and solid refutation of pantheism, a fuller discussion of questions bearing on the creation and duration of the world, good practical theses on the end and object of creatures, and a good treatise on miracles.

Thus much premised, we may pass on to a short survey of the book. It consists of nine chapters. The first, which treats of the existence of God, is the longest,² and for our age the most important. The matter it contains is divided into nine articles. Of these the first is devoted to an explanation of the nature and origin of the idea of God. In the three following a sort of domestic quarrel is carried on against those Monotheists, who rely in the defence of their cause on weapons which, in the long run, break under hostile attack. We mean the ontologists, Kantians, sentimentalists, and traditionalists. After the refutation of their opinions the ontological argument is criticized and declared to be invalid. We agree with this result without approving of the way in which it is arrived at on p. 24 in Prob. 2da pars Min. The only defect in the beautiful argument of St. Anselm is the want of evidence that the idea of God, which in the premises is supposed to be internally true, does not involve self-contradiction. If you pass the premises unchallenged, you are forced by Logic to admit the conclusion.³

In Articles V. VI. VII. a good exposition and defence is met with of the metaphysical, physical, and moral arguments for the existence of God. The discussion opens quite appropriately

¹ Pp. 3—104.

² We are glad to see that Father Schiffrini on this point agrees with us. Cf. Schiffrini, *Disp. Metaph. Spec.* vol. ii. p. 16, nota margin. Likewise Father Mendive, *Theodicea*, p. 17, n. 27. The latter author solves well a trite objection against the logical force of the proof. (*Ibid.* n. 28.)

with an inquiry into the principle of causality. The physical arguments are explained in a very interesting way quite up to the modern progress of science. Particularly to be praised are also the solutions of modern difficulties against the moral proof on pp. 87—92.

Article VIII. offers criticisms of certain arguments *a posteriori* which seem less evident to our author. We agree with the attack on the argument of Günther and Gratry.¹ The criticism of the proof, *Ex idea Dei*² might be clearer. The argument *ex characteribus possibilium* favoured by St. Augustin, Leibnitz, and Kleutgen, is discussed at length³ in a scholarlike manner and with a display of great dialectical skill. We cannot say that our faith in the evidence of that argument has been shaken by this discussion. Much depends upon the way in which it is proposed.

In Article IX. the question about the existence of real atheists is treated shortly and clearly.

Chapters II.—IX. are occupied with discussions on the Divine essence and attributes. After having proved that the metaphysical essence of God consists in His self-existence, the author dwells on the relation of the attributes to the essence and to one another.⁴ Then there follows the explanation and demonstration of the so-called negative attributes in this order: Infinity, unity, simplicity, immutability, immensity, eternity, invisibility, and incomprehensibility.⁵ As regards the first two of the attributes just mentioned, we should have wished in the interest of strictly logical reasoning that unity had preceded infinity, as it does in the *Summa contra Gentiles* of St. Thomas, and in the *Disputationes Metaphysicæ* of Suarez.⁶ We should transgress the limits to which our review has to keep, if we were to expostulate with our author concerning the long footnote on the argument by which Father Kilber, one of the celebrated Wirceburgenses, proves the unity of God from the necessity of His existence.⁷ What we want to say about that note, our learned scholastic friends will find out easily by comparing it with *Summa contra Gentiles*, I. c. 42, and Suarez, *Disp. Metaph.* d. 29. sect. 3.

¹ P. 92.

² Pp. 93, seq.

³ Pp. 94—104.

⁴ Ch. ii.

⁵ Ch. iii.

⁶ That St. Thomas in the *Summa Theologia* follows another method is certainly no proof that the same is to be followed in a text-book of Philosophy.

⁷ Pp. 146, seq.

Among the positive attributes of God, the first place is given to the transcendental ones: truth, goodness, beauty.¹ A short chapter on the life of God in general,² introduces us to masterly treatises on the Divine intellect³ and will.⁴ The work winds up by a chapter on those Divine attributes which suppose the existence of finite beings:⁵ Creation, conservation, concurrence, and Providence. Special praise is due to the treatment of the Bannesian-Molinistic controversy,⁶ and to the article on the power of God.⁷

In conclusion we congratulate Father Lahousse on the good service he has done to Special Metaphysics, expressing the hope that soon also Logic and General Metaphysics may be benefited by his extensive scholastic learning.

7.—MOORE'S NATIONAL AIRS.⁸

Although Moore's Irish Melodies deservedly enjoy a world-wide reputation, his National Airs are not so well known, owing no doubt in great measure to the fact that they have been for a considerable time out of print. However we dare to prophesy that the edition recently issued by Messrs. Gill and Son will speedily restore them to the popularity which is their due. A book containing some seventy of the poet's sweet little pieces would of itself be of considerable literary value. But when these pieces have been wedded to a selection of national airs drawn from all lands, such value is considerably enhanced. The collection of airs, too, being eminently tuneful, as indeed any selection of national airs must be, they ought to find favour not only with the trained musician, but also with that other larger class who, like the Duke of Wellington, are fond of music with a tune in it. The name of Sir John Stevenson is a sufficient guarantee that the accompaniments and arrangements are thoroughly well done. Indeed some of the short symphonies preceding the songs are extremely pretty. While the majority of the pieces are naturally set for a solo voice, many of them are further arranged as duets, while some there are for three and even four voices. They are also as a rule extremely simple, so

¹ Ch. iv. ² Ch. v. ³ Ch. vi. ⁴ Chs. vii., viii. ⁵ Ch. ix.

⁶ Ch. vi. a. 6, and ch. ix, a. 3. ⁷ Ch. vii. a. 5.

⁸ A Selection of Popular *National Airs*. The words by Thomas Moore, the Symphonies and Accompaniments by Sir John Stevenson. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1889.

as to be within the powers of any fair executant, there being no key harder than three sharps or flats. Nor need the singer possess any very great range of notes, for none of the songs require more than a moderate compass. Their simplicity is a very great merit, for thus more will be able to play and sing them. Among the solos the songs, "Joys of youth, how fleeting!" set to a Portuguese air, "Those evening bells," presumably a Russian tune, and the playful little ditty, "Common sense and genius," pleased us very much, not to mention that well-known and beautiful air which is always heard in connection with "Oft in the still night." Among the quartetts the Russian air, "Hark! the Vesper hymn is stealing," an old friend, is very effectively harmonized, while the trio, "Hark! I hear a spirit sing," is most original and scholarly. We would also commend "The Crystal Hunter," for trio and chorus, as also the arrangement for three voices of "See, the dawn from Heaven," the air being one sung at Rome on Christmas Eve and very suitable for a mystery play. Nor must we pass unnoticed a very beautiful Spanish song, "If in loving, singing." It is also to be remarked as a point in favour of the collection that there is an utter absence of those sentimental so-called love-songs so much in vogue at present. What love-songs there are, and they are not few, are healthy both in tone and taste. In reading through the songs, too, it is quite refreshing to find that the hackneyed sea-song of the "hilly-holly" type, so well parodied by Corney Grain in his "Amateur Yachtsman," was conspicuous by its absence. Refinement and good taste are the special characteristics of the songs of the collection under review.

Such music and such words deserved to appear in fitting guise of paper, type, and binding. So must have thought the publishers, and the result is a most beautiful and artistic binding, while the printing and paper are both excellent. The volume is a most ornamental one, and would make a very handsome New Year's or birthday present. There are many families possessing not only a taste for music, but also some good voices among their members, and to such the book would be a great boon, containing as it does not only solos, but also duets, trios, and quartetts, none of them of a difficult nature. The airs without the words would also be found very suitable for such drawing-room instruments as the flute, violin, and ballad-horn. We have but one suggestion to offer, and it is,

that instead of the frequent repetition of the word "no" in the lines "no, never more to part," as set to the music on p. 35, it would be better to join the notes together by a slur, and sing them all to one word. In conclusion we can only say that such a delightful book ought to find many admirers. Beautiful music, choice poetry, artistic binding and printing, what more could be desired?

8.—PHILIP'S RESTITUTION.¹

Every reader of Christian Reid's tales must acknowledge that there is a wonderful charm about them; a charm which does not consist merely in the plot, for this, though well constructed, is generally simple, or even slight; nor in any remarkable elegance of style, though the language is good and the writing easy and agreeable. The attraction lies in the characters presented to us in their pages; characters beautiful and admirable by nature, chastened and elevated by grace, who offer examples of exalted and unobtrusive virtue in every-day life, who are actuated by the purest motives, the most generous impulses. The volume now in our hands, entitled *Philip's Restitution*, is like so many of its predecessors, a reprint from the *Ave Maria* magazine, and is, we think, inferior to few, if any, of them. The hero is a young man possessed of considerable attractions, whom a wealthy uncle has adopted in view of making him his heir. Another orphan, a beautiful girl, a relative of his wife, has also found a home in the luxurious mansion of the childless millionaire; and a marriage between the two young people is the cherished project of their foster-parents. Mr. Thornton is a Catholic, but only a nominal one, for since the era of his prosperity began, which in a singularly short time raised him from an ordinarily successful business-man to the wealthiest citizen in Riverport, he had become utterly forgetful of the faith of his forefathers; Mrs. Thornton and her niece are staunch Protestants, whereas Philip, the nephew, is of the same creed as his uncle. Although indifferent to religion, he had not, on leaving the Catholic college where by an express provision of his father's will he had been educated, ceased to practise it, only it fell more and more into the background of his life, while he gave himself up to the amusements which are so alluring to the young and gay of heart.

¹ *Philip's Restitution.* By Christian Reid. Reprinted from the *Ave Maria*. Joseph A. Lyons, 1888.

But Philip comes under the influence of the heroine of the story, Alice Percival, one of those generous, high-minded, tender women whom the author knows so well how to depict. Her father had been formerly in partnership with Mr. Thornton, and had been deeply wronged by him, in consequence of which she was living with her invalid and widowed mother in very straitened circumstances. Let us listen to Mrs. Percival discussing with her daughter whether the young man is to be admitted to the circle of her acquaintances.

"It is not only that his name is Thornton," said Mrs. Percival, with some agitation, "but he is the nephew, the adopted son of the man who has wronged us."

"Granting that," said Alice, laying her hand gently down on the thin fingers of the other, "I feel that we occupy so much the highest plane, that it is easy to ignore even the wrong. We have been robbed, but what is that in comparison with bearing the stain that darkens that man's soul, and his good name too, in the eyes of all honest people? What can be said of my father except that he stripped himself of everything to make amends for his imprudence? But the other—all men know he has taken and kept tenfold the amount of the debt due to him. Would you not rather—a thousand times rather—be in our position than in his? For my part, I am so glad that I am Percival instead of Thornton, that I have only pity for him, and still greater pity for the young man, who, as you have said, is his adopted son, and who does not know how deeply stained is the wealth he will inherit."

Mrs. Percival looked at her daughter with some surprise. Alice often surprised her by a way of regarding things which, to say the least, was not common. Gentle and unvindictive though the elder woman was, it required all her Christian faith and feeling to subdue the bitterness with which she thought of the wrong that had been inflicted on her daughter and herself. . . . "That is all very true," she said presently; "but I cannot think that it would be pleasant to have any association with a member of that family."

"Not unless it were accidental, as it has been to-day," replied Alice. "In that case I do not think it is for *me* to show it. I am, as I have said, in the higher position, and I should feel it was ungenerous to make an innocent person bear the odium of a wrong in which he had no share."

"He will have the share of profiting by it," said Mrs. Percival.

"Ignorantly," answered her daughter. "The people nearest such a wrong are the last to know of it, and he knows nothing." (pp. 101—3.)

Before long Philip knew the shameful story. He asked his uncle for an explanation, which he would not give, and suggested

restitution, which he would not make; finally he irritated him to such an extent by declining to marry the much-admired Constance, on the plea of difference of religion, that he was expelled from the house, "to come to his senses or lose his fortune."

Far from showing himself one of the weak characters who float with the current, and at the first inducement give up religion for worldly motives, Philip, who had appeared hitherto to seek nothing but pleasure, stood firm where many Catholics of greater apparent fervour would have failed. He withdrew from society and began to study law. Feeling he had no right to the Percivals' acquaintance, he held aloof, but they, not wishing to visit on him a wrong done by another and condemned by himself, encouraged him to continue an intercourse from which he derived ever-increasing enjoyment, and which called forth all the better part of his nature. Before many months had elapsed he was summoned to the deathbed of his uncle, who yielded to Philip's earnest entreaty, and consented to see a priest, and make restitution to the heirs of the man he had robbed, only on condition that Philip should pledge himself to marry Constance.

What could he say? To marry Constance meant to surrender all hope of happiness for himself. His whole nature cried out against it as impossible; yet even in the same moment he knew that it might be a thing to which he must submit—the costly sacrifice demanded of him to gain the end he had in view. A little before he would have said that he could not hesitate at anything to gain this end—to restore to the Percivals what was justly theirs, and more, far more, to induce his uncle to cleanse his soul before going to meet his God. And now, when the way by which this might be done was indicated to him, dared he hold back because his own happiness would suffer shipwreck? Some words of Alice Percival's when they had walked together the evening before, returned to his memory: "I am sure that for a great end you could make even such a sacrifice as that." The occasion had come sooner than either could have dreamed, and should he prove that he was not capable of it? (p. 266.)

Philip and Constance were betrothed at the dying man's bedside, and Philip was left his heir; but we will permit the reader to discover for himself how the fulfilment of his promise was rendered impossible, and he was released from his bond just as the full bitterness of the sacrifice he had made forced itself on him.

We heartily recommend to our readers the perusal of this narrative, which is not only of a far higher order than ordinary religious fiction, but will be found far more interesting, and edifying too, than the majority of religious biographies now published so freely, in that it presents a higher standard for the attainment of the Christian, and, without creating impossibly perfect and lovely characters, offers higher models for his imitation.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

A SATISFACTORY indication of the steadily growing interest in the English Martyrs is shown by the production of this large and elaborate "Photo-picture."¹ Mr. Barraud's skill as a photographer is well known, but more than mere mechanical skill has been needed to produce this work of art. It differs from a picture painted by an artist in this, that every single figure is a photograph, and thus great naturalness and sense of reality has been obtained. The difficulty of adjusting proportions and distances, and of grouping the figures, inherent in this method is very great, and Mr. Barraud seems to us to have overcome it with singular success. The fifty-four Martyrs to whom Pope Leo the Thirteenth just two years ago decreed the honours of beatification are represented. Blessed Cardinal Fisher holds the post of honour in the foreground, Blessed Thomas More and Blessed John Forest, O.S.F., are prominent on one side, and Blessed Margaret Pole and Blessed Cuthbert Maine on the other. The Carthusian Martyrs are conspicuous in their white habits, and the five Jesuits form a group in one corner of the picture. A key accompanies the photograph, assigning names to all the Martyrs represented. The beauty of the picture is largely increased by the very artistic background, in which Mr. Brewer has very skilfully given the scenes in London that are inseparably associated with our holy Martyrs. Tower Hill occupies the middle place, on one side are London Bridge and Tyburn, and on the other Tower Green and Smithfield. The effect is admirable, and the clients of the Martyrs will be glad to possess themselves of this charming

¹ Mr. Barraud's "Photo-picture of the English Martyrs." London: 263, Oxford Street.

memorial of the heroes whom the Church permits us publicly to venerate. The photograph is fifteen inches by twenty-three, unmounted.

A book of Meditations on the Hidden Life of our Lord¹ has the advantage of dealing with that part of His sojourn on earth which appeals to all. His Public Life is the life of one who is sent to preach the Gospel. It contains lessons for every kind of life, since we all must be apostles. Yet it is not so directly and immediately a model which can be imitated by those who live apart from the world in their own quiet homes. It is to such that the Hidden Life appeals, and its sacred teaching is beautifully brought out in the little book, apparently the work of some French Jesuit, which a Sister of Mercy has translated, and Father Eyre, S.J., has revised. It contains sixty-six meditations, beginning with the Incarnation, and ending with the conclusion of the Life at Nazareth. The method followed is that of St. Ignatius. It seems especially suited to those who make a short meditation and who like to have a book from which they can from time to time draw fresh matter for their wandering thoughts. The tone throughout is one calculated to encourage and give confidence. It points upward, and though it does not overlook the necessity of contrition, it makes hope and love the most prominent elements in it. Each meditation begins with preludes, and ends with a colloquy, good resolutions, &c., according to the approved method of St. Ignatius.

Messrs. Benziger have brought out an American edition of *Eucharistic Gems*,² which Father Coelenbier has collected from the writings of the saints. Gems indeed they are: containing thoughts on the Blessed Sacrament most edifying for every day in the year. The book is got up with Messrs. Benziger's invariable taste and neatness, and is very suitable for a present for First Communicants.

We are glad to find that the increase in the Third Order of St. Dominic has rendered necessary a new manual for the guidance of those who belong to it.³ Father Limerick has undertaken the good work of compiling it. It begins with an account of the origin of the Order, which was at the

¹ *Contemplations and Meditations on the Hidden Life of our Lord Jesus Christ.* Translated by a Sister of Mercy. Revised by Rev. W. Eyre, S.J.

² *Eucharistic Gems.* By Rev. L. C. Coelenbier, O.S.F. New York: Benziger.

³ *A Manual for Tertiaries.* Being the Rule and Life of the Third Order of St. Dominic. By Father Philip Limerick, O.P. London: Burns and Oates.

beginning a military association. The list of the saints and martyrs who belong to it will be a great encouragement to its members. Then follows an account of its organization, object, spirit, rules, form of profession, &c. We hope that this manual may lead to a still further development of the Order.

A new and enlarged edition of Archbishop Porter's *Spiritual Retreats*¹ will be welcome to all who were present at them, or have read the first edition. An additional Retreat, given in 1877, is added to those already published. We have already noticed the practical excellence and large-minded charity which characterize these Retreats. We are glad to find confirmed by experience what any one reading these beautiful meditations would safely have predicted, that they have been found very useful as spiritual reading and as points of meditation to those who have made their first acquaintance with Father Porter through these notes, as well as to those who were present at the Retreats themselves.

The little poems on the Seven Dolours,² by Father Best of the London Oratory, have been republished by Messrs. Burns and Oates in a very pretty form, in good type, and on nice paper. The seven Dolours of our Blessed Lady have a separate poem devoted to each of them; these are followed by another on our Lady's Communion on Holy Thursday; two more (which might be called prayers) are addressed to the Blessed Virgin before and after Holy Communion; a longer poem, entitled *Ave Maria*, treats of the whole life of our Lady, and is divided into six cantos; and the book concludes with a pretty little poem, styled "Innocence and Penance"; the whole is contained in fifty-five pages. Praises of our Blessed Lady are sure to be popular with Catholics, and so many have a special devotion to her seven Dolours that we are not surprised to see that these little poems have reached a third edition. The style and versification of the poems are simple and plain as their subject requires, and the poetical *Œstrum* shows itself in the musical rhythm and easy flow of the lines, while the whole breathes a deep and tender devotion to the Mother of God. At least some portion of Father Faber's

¹ *Spiritual Retreats*. Notes of Meditations and Considerations given in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Roehampton. By the Most Rev. George Porter, Archbishop of Bombay. London: Burns and Oates.

² *The Seven Dolours*. By Kenelm Digby Best (Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri). Third Edition. London: Burns and Oates.

mantle seems to have descended on the shoulders of Father Best. We wish him all success. *De Maria nunquam satis.*

The Catholic Truth Society have with its accustomed enterprise issued for this year a Catholic Annual of its own.¹ Among its special features is a most useful list of the clergy and services at all the churches within the London Postal District, an account of the Papal Jubilee, of the Saints and Blessed raised to the altars of the Church in 1888, a short notice of Don Bosco and his work, a Life of Margaret Clitheroe, some excellent hints on points of laws affecting Catholics, a list of Catholic institutions, and some useful notes on various Catholic social works. The Annual contains several illustrations, and has a beautiful coloured likeness of the Holy Father as its frontispiece.

The *Catholic Directory*² is so familiar to our readers that we have no need to call their attention to it. Those who use it have little idea of the labour that it costs the Editor, or of the watchful and patient care that it entails. We are glad to see that the number of priests in England, Scotland and Wales has increased from 2,648 to 2,724 in the course of the year. The number of chapels and stations on the other hand has diminished by one, being 1,630 as compared with 1,631 last year.

Messrs. Burns and Oates are issuing as usual their *Catholic Almanac* for the new year.³ Most almanacs, as our readers probably know, are weighted with a long list of London Bankers and similar matter of very limited interest. But in the almanac before us, the information selected by the Editor is exactly what is practically needed by the ordinary Christian. Besides a page or two respecting secular matters, it gives the English and Irish Hierarchy, the holidays of obligation, days of devotion, an excellent little summary in two pages of Christian doctrine which we recommend to those who are instructing converts, and other useful items. Besides the calendar from which Catholics can learn who is the Saint for each day, texts from Holy Scripture suitable for meditation are given for each month, besides information respecting Sunday Mass and Vespers, &c.

Those of the faithful who attend churches served by Fathers of the Society of Jesus, are naturally anxious to know

¹ *The Catholic Annual for 1889.* Edited by James Britten. London: 18, West Square.

² *Catholic Directory, Ecclesiastical Register, and Almanac for 1889.* London: Burns and Oates.

³ *Catholic Almanac for 1889.* By the Editor of the *Catholic Directory.* London: Burns and Oates.

the changes that are made in the ordinary calendar by the insertion of special Jesuit festivals.¹ Hitherto, Messrs. Richardson have published a separate Almanac, but this year the Editor of the *Catholic Almanac* we have just mentioned, has made the necessary alterations, and Messrs. Burns and Oates have issued an edition of it, which will be a great convenience for all who desire to follow the Jesuit use. We hope that all such will show their appreciation of it, and that it will have a circulation which will encourage the publishers to continue it.

The Conversion of England is one of the longing desires that occupy the heart of any good Catholic, and the Association of Prayer for that object has for its object to beg of God in His mercy not to forget the land once so devout to Mary, now so far removed from the spirit of the Church. The Manual² of the association just issued gives an account of its object, the means to be used, and adds two useful chapters on the teaching and reception of converts. We recommend especially the list of books suggested for those who are under instruction. (pp. 27, 28.)

The story of Minnie Caldwell,³ dedicated by the author to the Children of Mary in Capetown, for whom it was written, is said to be intended partly for girls and partly for their elders. To the former class this clever, original, attractive little book may be recommended with most hearty and unqualified approval, but to the latter with a word of warning, lest they, beholding the salutary effect of Father Moberley's system of "surgery" in the case of the heroine, should attempt to employ the lancet in like manner themselves. A discerning eye, an exceptionally skilful and cautious hand is required to use the keen-edged instrument with success. In other words, it is only with great discrimination and judgment that the privilege of plain-speaking can be exercised even by a priest, and stern, incisive reproof administered. Nor is it every girl who possesses the sound sense, sterling sincerity and generous feeling of Minnie, the same energetic desire and determination to do what is right, which enabled her to conquer her self-love, sacrifice her natural inclinations, and follow the suggestions of grace. A more timid and irresolute character would shrink from the knife, and for

¹ *Catholic Almanac for 1889*. According to the Jesuit Calendar. London: Burns and Oates.

² *Manual of the Association of Prayer for the Conversion of Great Britain*. London: Burns and Oates.

³ *Minnie Caldwell, and other Stories*. By the Rev. F. C. Kolbe, D.D. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

such Father Moberley would choose a gentler means of correction. But be that as it may, from these tales of every-day life, all young ladies can learn most valuable practical lessons, and the example of Minnie Caldwell—and Minnie Caldwell's unselfish and independent daughter—may teach them to become useful members of society, if it leads them to look into their daily life, to scrutinize their actions and motives, and ask themselves whether they too should not aim at higher things; whether they cannot do something more for those around them, and something more for their own souls.

II.—MAGAZINES.

In the last issue of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* for 1888, Father Lehmkuhl comments on the state of religion in Catholic Bavaria, where, since the death of the elector Max Joseph the Third in 1777, the clergy have had a constant struggle to maintain the rights of the Church, and resist the encroachments of the secular power. In his recent letter to the Bishops the Holy Father admonishes them not to lose heart, but insist on the fulfilment of the articles of the Concordat, guaranteeing independence to the Church, especially in regard to the training of priests and the education of youth. The sketch of Garcia Moreno, the object of which is to prove that he died for the cause of Christianity and of his country, is concluded in this number; as is also the very interesting account of the marriage and conversion of James the First's Queen. This Danish Princess, although brought up in strictly Protestant surroundings, always had a leaning towards Catholicism, and on her removal to Scotland, her conversion, "the most curious chapter in her life," was effected by a Jesuit, Father Robert Abercromby. The marked improvement in her character led the King to discover her change of religion, which, on her accession to the throne of England, it was necessary for her to conceal carefully; whether she remained true to her faith until the last is a disputed question. Father Rieth, in the sequel to his article on "Morality independent of God," as those would have it who claim to be a law to themselves, speaks of the interior tribunal in each man's breast to decide between right and wrong, to disobey the judgment of which is to disobey the voice of God. We are always glad on taking up the *Stimmen* to see Father Wasmann's name among the contributors. His description of

the many "obnoxious guests" which the unhappy apple-tree is during the course of its existence too often compelled to entertain, given in his own agreeable and lively style, is both amusing and instructive. From the fertile pen of Father Baumgartner we have the biographical notice of a Russian author, Dostojewskij, not less talented than his contemporaries, but less popular than they on account of the gloomy style of his writings.

The *Katholik* for November opens with an article on Death as viewed in the light of faith, contrasting the feelings where-with the separation of soul and body—so terrible to nature—is regarded by the Christian with those of the worldling. Dr. Woker reviews the status of the Catholic Church in the electorate of Hanover during the middle ages, tracing the history of religion in that territory since its christianisation in the time of Charlemagne. The manner in which Lutheran tenets triumphed over the faith in the sixteenth century, and the partial re-conversion of the people through the efforts of zealous missionaries in the eighteenth century, are the principal points of interest. Dr. Brischar contributes a page of history from the annals of the latter part of the seventeenth century, when party spirit and political intrigue ran high, and for the sake of opposing the French interests, the archbishopric of Cologne was conferred on a youth of sixteen, brother to the elector of the Pfalz. The consecration of this reluctant candidate was postponed as long as possible, for he was desirous of renouncing the episcopal dignity, and was only induced to retain it through the influence of Fénélon, one of whose most eloquent orations was pronounced at the ceremony of his consecration. In connection with the catalogue of the Palatine MSS. in the Vatican library, drawn up by command of Leo the Thirteenth and presented to the University of Heidelberg, some description of these MSS. is given, also an explanation of the manner in which they came into the possession of the Holy See.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (923) speaking of the Christian Church, what she is, what is her strength, who are her foes, and why warfare is waged against her, looks forward with confidence to her future triumph, to the moment when at the word of the Lord a great calm will succeed the present storm, than which many a worse one the ship of Peter has outlived. The Freemasonic manifesto forms the subject of a second article, and

is shown to be similar in spirit to the projects of Mazzini; the destruction of the Papacy itself, not merely the abolition of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, being in truth the ultimate aim of the enemies of Christianity. The usual annual appeal is made on behalf of the impoverished nuns of Italy. The miserable conditions under which they live, the extreme indigence to which they are reduced, and the sad privations they endure, may be gathered from the letters in which the Superiors express their gratitude for the alms forwarded to them by the Editor of the *Civiltà*. The approach of the centenary of the so-called dawn of civilisation, 1789, suggests a few remarks (924) on the "enlightenment" of the present day, in comparison with which that of the last century was darkness. The civilizations of which we boast has made Europe a camp bristling with bayonets; at a word each nation is transformed into an army, each citizen into a soldier; it has given us the most murderous rifles, the most formidable projectiles. The legitimacy of taxation, its use and abuse, the nature of direct and indirect taxation, and the rules to be followed by politicians in order that it may fall as lightly as possible on the poorer members of the community, are the topic of the article on political economy. In the scientific notes mention is made of a new invention, a meteorological instrument whereby observations can be taken by means of telegraphic communication, thus obviating the necessity of establishing observatories and stationing scientists in remote, inaccessible, and insalubrious localities.

We are glad to see that the *Lyceum* maintains its high standard of intellectual ability and literary interest.¹ The December number opens with an excellent and impartial criticism of Mr. Balfour's position as a philosopher. Among its other articles we notice one on the authorship of the Pentateuch, which shows a thorough knowledge of the literature on the subject, and also a Defence of Rosmini (communicated) by Father Lockhart, in answer to a previous article in *The Lyceum*, condemning the Rosminian philosophy. We hope our excellent contemporary may continue a zealous and enlightened advocate of the cause of truth.

¹ *The Lyceum*. A Monthly Educational and Literary Magazine and Review. Office: 24, Nassau Street, Dublin.

